AC/DC – pages of live colour!

November 4 – 17 1982

KERRANG!

No. 28 60p

BIGGEST EVER ISSUE!



ASIA!
PAT BENATAR!
WISHBONE!
JOAN JETT!
SPYS! FIST!
WRATHCHILD!
CONEY HATCH!
CLOVEN HOOF!
KIM CARNES!

MARILLION – return of the supergroup?

VOTE in the Readers' Poll!

The official HM charts specially compiled for Kerrang! from a nationwide survey of 50 specialist shops

SINGLES

1	—	ALL RIGHT NOW **Free** Island
2	1	BURNING DOWN ONE SIDE **Robert Plant** Swansong
3	6	ALWAYS GONNA LOVE YOU **Gary Moore** Virgin
4	—	AMERICAN HEATBEAT **Survivor** Scotti Brothers
5	—	BACK TO EARTH **Magnum** Jet
6	3	IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT **Diamond Head** MCA
7	2	EYE OF THE TIGER **Survivor** Scotti Brothers
8	—	LONG GONE **Gillan** Virgin
9	8	ROCK 'N' ROLL FOREVER WILL LAST **Spider** RCA
10	30	SILVER MACHINE **HAWKWIND** RCA
11	16	ONLY TIME WILL TELL **Asia** Geffen
12	15	EMOTIONS IN MOTION **Billy Squier** Capitol
13	20	CRASH BANG WALLOP **Raven** Neat



14	—	LIFE ON THE RUN **Samson** Polydor
15	10	CRAZY HORSES **Tank** Kamaflage
16	4	WHO'S CRYING NOW **Journey** CBS
17	27	JACK AND DIANE **John Cougar** Riva
18	25	OPENING RITUAL **Clovenhoof** Elimental
19	12	BORED WITH RUSSIA **Budgie** RCA
20	—	SUBDIVISIONS **Rush** Mercury
21	5	BLIND MEN AND FOOLS **Tytan** Kamaflage
22	18	STEAMIN' 12" **Anvil** Attic
23	—	THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT **Silverwing** Mayhem
24	26	BLOODLUST **Venom** Neat
25	7	DANCER **Michael Schenker Group** Chrysalis
26	21	DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES **Stampede** Polydor
27	9	DON'T WANNA LOSE **Y & T** A&M
28	14	NEW WORLD MAN **Rush** Mercury
29	24	TELL ME THE NIGHTMARE'S GONE **Praying Mantis** Jet
30	11	HIGHWAY SONG **Blackfoot** Atco

Compiled by MRIB

IMPORT ALBUMS

1	HUGHES & THRALL **Hughes & Thrall** Boulevard
2	TRACKS **Wrabit** MCA
3	EXECUTION **Bullet** Lark
4	SPYS **Spys** EMI America
5	IN FOR THE COUNT **Balance** Portrait
6	HELLCATS MINI-LP **Hellcats** Atlantic
7	BEER DRINKERS **Motorhead** Milan
8	FLAT OUT **Buck Dharma** Portrait
9	IN TRANSIT **Saga** Polydor
10	VOLCANO **Bow Wow** VIP

Compiled by MRIB

ALBUMS

1	—	CORRIDORS OF POWER **Gary Moore** Virgin
2	1	MAGIC **Gillan** Virgin
3	—	ASSAULT ATTACK **Michael Schenker Group** Chrysalis
4	7	HUGHES & THRALL **Hughes & Thrall** Boulevard import
5	2	SIGNALS **Rush** Mercury
6	12	ASIA **Asia** Geffen
7	—	DELIVER US FROM EVIL **Budgie** RCA
8	9	ROCK IN A HARD PLACE **Aerosmith** CBS
9	—	CHOOSE YOUR MASQUES **Hawkwind** RCA
10	3	UNDER THE BLADE **Twisted Sister** Secret
11	—	POWER OF THE HUNTER **Tank** Kamaflage
12	—	BORROWED TIME **Diamond Head** MCA
13	—	ROCK 'N' ROLL GYPSIES **Spider** RCA
14	4	BLACK TIGER **Y & M** A&M
15	15	BATTLEHYMNS **Manowar** Liberty
16	17	EMOTIONS IN MOTION **Billy Squier** Capitol
17	5	EYE OF THE TIGER **Survivor** Scotti Brothers
18	23	TWIN BARRELS BURNING **Wishbone Ash** AVM
19	20	ZIPPER CATCHES SKIN **Alice Cooper** Warner Brothers
20	16	ESCAPE **Journey** CBS
21	—	TOO FAST FOR LOVE **Motley Crue** Elektra
22	34	VANDENBERG **Vandenberg** Atlantic
23	6	THE CAGE **Tygers Of Pan Tang** MCA
24	25	THE VERY BEST OF (RED ALERT – DIAL NINE) **Sammy Hagar** Capitol
25	27	TRACKS **Wrabit** MCA import
26	10	PICTURES AT ELEVEN **Robert Plant** Swansong
27	31	EXECUTION **Bullet** Lark import
28	8	LIVE IN LONDON **Deep Purple Harvest**
29	11	HIGHWAY SONG – LIVE **Blackfoot** Atco
30	37	TWILIGHT OF MISCHIEF **Heaven** RCA
31	13	THE JIMI HENDRIX CONCERTS **Jimi Hendrix** CBS
32	18	SPYS **Spys** EMI American import
33	26	IN FOR THE COUNT **Balance** Portrait import
34	14	NO CONTROL **Eddie Money** CBS
35	20	ALDO NOVA **Aldo Nova** CBS
36	32	HELLCATS MINI-LP **Hellcats** Atlantic import
37	39	BEER DRINKERS **Motorhead** Milan
38	—	FLAT OUT **Buck Dharma** Portrait import
39	19	ROUGH DIAMONDS **Bad Company** Swansong
40	30	IN TRANSIT **Saga** Polydor import

Compiled by MRIB

LOCAL CHART

1	DO YA FEEL LIKE LOVIN', **Rox** Teenteeze
2	METAL DAZE, **Manowar**, Liberty, from 'Manpower'
3	WAY OF THE ROCKET, **Cockney Rejects**, Arena, from 'The Wild Ones'
4	THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT, **Silverwing**, Mayhem
5	STEAMIN', **Anvil**, Attic, 12" Single
6	JAILBAIT, **Aerosmith**, C.B.S – Import, from 'Rock In A Hard Place'
7	TEENAGE TIGER, **Hellcats**, Atlantic Mini L.P – Import, from 'Hellcats'
8	LOVE HUNGRY, **Macaxe**, Demo Tape
9	OPEN FIRE, **Y&T**, (A&M), from 'Black Tiger'
10	SIN AFTER SIN, **Twisted Sister**, Secret, from 'Under The Blade'
11	SHADY, **Virgin**, Demo Tape
12	ROCKIN' 'N' ROLLIN' AGAIN, **Rods**, Arista, from 'Wild Dogs'
13	BACK IN ACTION, **Teaze**, Aquarius, from 'One Night Stands'
14	ROCK THE CITY DOWN, **Wrathchild**, Demo Tape
15	CITY OF LIGHTS, **Cockney Rejects**, Arena, from 'The Wild Ones'
16	DOWN ON YOUR KNEES, **Kiss**, Casablanca, from 'Kiss Killers'
17	LOVE YA LIKE A DIAMOND, **Rox**, Teenteeze
18	HOT LIPS, **Macaxe**, Demo Tape
19	MY ONLY LOVE IS ROCK 'N' ROLL, **Virgin**, Demo Tape
20	TOO HOT TO STOP – LIVE, **Rods**, Arista, 12" Single

Compiled from requests from 'The Mayhem Roadshow', Keighley, W. Yorks.

KERRANG!

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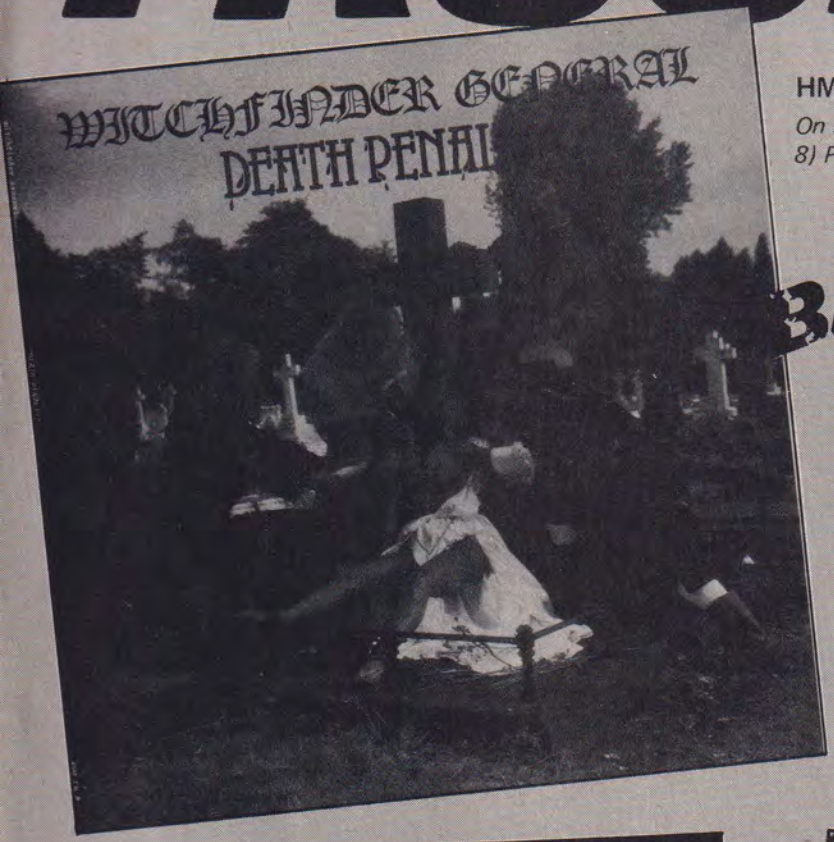
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FANT-ASIA!

Report by STEVE GETT (over page), pix by GEORGE BODNAR






moog

FANT-ASIA



pic by Scott Weiner/LFI

. . . but is that drum solo really necessary?

AS BOBBY ROBSON'S new England side took on the challenge of the West German football team at Wembley, Asia were out in the fatherland playing the second of two concerts in Frankfurt. The end of the set was close at hand when bassist John Wetton told the crowd: "You've won. The final score was 2–1 to Germany".

A shattering blow, but the worst was yet to come. Wetton must be a keen soccer fan since he was swift to take revenge on the hun by announcing that the final number was to feature the 'talents' of Carl Palmer.

My stomach turned and I was suddenly struck by a feeling of total nausea. Memories of Asia's New York concert that I'd witnessed earlier this year came floating back in my mind. Then I'd suffered my worst ever bout of boredom as the former ELP skinbeater performed a monstrous solo of Cecil B. DeMille proportions. Could I face it again? Not a chance, but there was no means of escape. . . .

And so Palmer began.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Crash! Crash! Crash!

Thud! Thud! Thud!

Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz. . . .

Drum solos are tedious at the best of times but having to endure Carl Palmer's is like being forced to read War and Peace twice a week. The man could put Ovaltine out of business! In Frankfurt he made an awful racket, whilst his drum-riser revolved and his dragon-festooned gongs were set on display to the audience.

The Germans loved every minute of it, but then again they've always struck me as a masochistic race.

After ten minutes or so, Palmer walked to the front of the stage to take his applause. Acknowledging the audience like Liberace he lapped up their foolish adulation for a further five minutes before returning to his stool. Thank heavens he's finished!

But no, Palmer had other ideas and proceeded to hammer out an appalling racket before the rest of the band came back and restored an air of sanity to events. . . .

Now hold on a minute! What is this – slag off Carl Palmer week? Well, though my vicious attack on the fellow might lead you to think this way, I'm merely emphasising what I consider to be the only real low-point about Asia.

You see, even though the band have been unmercifully slated by the media since they surfaced on the scene, I actually have a lot of admiration for their music.

To these ears, the debut 'Asia' LP was an excellent package comprising some very good tunes. Rather than rely on the past glories of the individual band members, Asia aimed for direct impact with well-composed hard rock/pop numbers and they certainly hit the target.

The band's success in '82 has been truly phenomenal. In America their album spent numerous weeks at the coveted number one spot and has sold extremely well worldwide. Indeed it's just turned gold in Britain.

And despite having only one LP under their belts, Asia were prepared to go out on the road and a protracted Stateside tour saw them playing to packed houses night after night. Recently they returned to this side of the Atlantic for European dates including two shows at Wembley.

Asia have no problem delivering the goods on stage and it's a pity that they've had to include the laborious drum passage. Steve Howe's acoustic solo is warranted since he is undeniably one of the finest guitarists in the business and happily Geoff Downes keeps his keyboard antics short and sharp.

But as for Palmer – basically his spot is sheer self-indulgence. Without wishing to knock him further I shall hold my tongue and concentrate on other matters!

Asia have done well to assemble an entertaing set with just the one album. Three new numbers are featured in their show, the best of which is the mesmerising 'Midnight Sun', which will hopefully surface on the second record.

The band plan to start recording that in England at the end of the year before going off to Canada to complete the vocal work. Once again Mike Stone (of Journey's 'Escape' fame) will be at the production helm and hopefully the LP should emerge by late spring.

AFTER THE Frankfurt show there was a chance for some light banter with Steve Howe and John Wetton. Wetton is the only band member to exude a basic rock 'n' roller persona and strikes me as being an extremely amicable fellow. Though Steve Howe is a more reserved character, he is equally pleasant and I began by asking them both whether they were surprised by the success of the first album.

Steve: "Yes we were happily surprised."

John: "We couldn't really have predicted that sort of success."

Oh well, ask a stupid question! And yet despite their success, Asia do tend to be dismissed as a fairly boring band.

"Who by?" asks Howe.

"Who cares?" retorts Wetton.

But surely it must be disconcerting to have to continually face negative press?

Steve: "Well some of the reviews are quite funny! Quite laughable really. But they're only one man's views and everybody's entitled to an opinion."

John: "Some of them have had to eat their words though. I don't think we should get too worried."

Steve: "It's the people who want the music that are important to us – not the people who criticise it. We have to push them aside."

John: (Laughing) "Present company excepted!"

Even so, I can recall that when I encountered Wetton in New York a few months ago he was particularly upset by some of the reviews in the press. He doesn't appear to be letting it bother him so much nowadays – not surprising when one considers the LP sales.

He agrees: "I guess it's not affecting me quite so much now that it's done so well. In fact I think we're all a bit more confident and can look on things in a more realistic sense. And I think that the critics can also look upon it in a different light.

"People accused us of just going for the American market but the success we've enjoyed here and also the fact that we're actually playing here has proved that we're very much an international band."

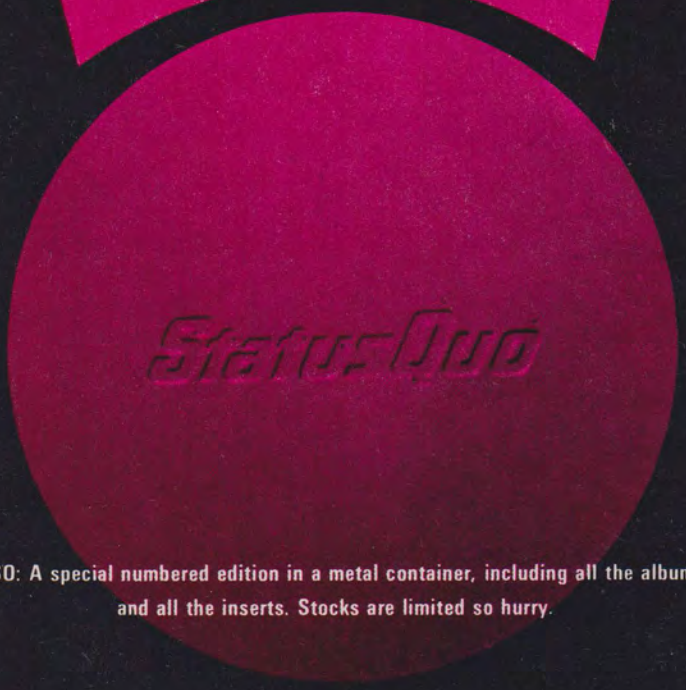
General chit-chat about Asian affairs continues before Wetton departs and Steve Howe talks guitars for a while. Eventually though, it's off to an Italian restaurant where CBS Germany are treating the band to a feast in honour of their success in the country. . . .

Status Quo

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MARILLION



progression

IF YOU haven't already heard of Marillion then you will. While the pages of this peppery paper have exploded with the boasting boat races of blusterous bozos with very little to offer beyond big front and festering hype, hype, hype, Marillion have been earnestly grafting around the popular gig circuit, crafting music and mime into something which, believe you me, is quite stunningly *extra* special, gathering a following in their wake of Pied Piper proportions, which has justifiably earnt them the title of the biggest club attraction in Britain.

And if you won't listen to me, ask EMI Records, with whom Marillion recently, heralded by no particular hullabaloo, no ceremonial grandeur, signed a six-figure, five-year album deal.

Cast your conciousness back. Try to recall the Golden Era of British Rock. Britannia ruled the airwaves, quality reigned supreme, press and companies alike only dared stamp the *best* with the trademark of quality, the value of quality *was* the national hallmark.

Think Floyd, ELP, Genesis, Zep, Yes, Tull, Supergroups! (If at this point you yawn please do not switch off, there's still something here for you.) Music for pleasure, not fashion. Albums that you bought and played again and again, biting deeper and deeper, and still, play now, all four sides.

Marillion are set to rekindle that old atmosphere.

Marillion play what can only, for the benefit of your bearings, be called 'Progressive' or 'Art' Rock.

Formed in the summer of 1980 by jokey yokel drummer Mick Pointer (26) from Buckinghamshire (the name is an abbreviation of Silmarillion, a Tolkein book used as moniker for his previous Camel-type venture) and Whitby guitarist and sci-fi devotee Steve Rothery (22), enigmatic Edinburgh frontman Fish (24) swam down to the band's Aylesbury launchpad last January, and the first live performance followed that March.

In November keyboard wizard Mark Kelley (21) of Romford-based Chemical Alice (progressive-kosmic-space-fanta-sy-rock!!) was poached with appalling sneakiness. Finally in March this year cuddly little bassist Peter Trewaves (23) of Aylesbury pop troupe the Metros took the oath.

Founding their future on diamond live performance, the band have steadily ascended in status over the last 18 months, through Aylesbury pubs and supports at the Town Hall Friars gig (to acts as diverse as John Martyn, Otway And Barrett, Spirit, John Cooper Clarke and Lindisfarne), then headlines at London's Marquee Club, and eventually one at Friars itself, while August saw triumph at both Theakston's and the Reading Festival on consecutive days.

At the same time, however, it's been equal priority policy to blanket Britain with the warmth of Marillimusic, with one of the most extensive routes ever navigated around Scotland being toured this past Spring.

It was back to jokey terrain for three dates in September (prior to making their first EMI recording) where these tired senses were most recently refreshed by a sip of Marillion, at dates in Kinghorn, Edinburgh and Glasgow, and typically the reactions were ecstatic.

For the first-time viewer the impact is instant, and a spellbinding collision.

The towering figure of Fish looms with foreboding presence, demanding focal attention, and the audience respond by staring fascinated at his face, a multi-coloured grease-paint mask with haunting, highlighted eyes. His behaviour is theatrical, and the influences that thump between the ears when you hear his English-accent prone prose are Peter Hammill or Gabriel.

The overall initial impression is of a kid Genesis, but it's only an initial impression and if you long for the raising of the emblem of excellence again, Marillion are a captivating pleasure to see and hear.

Apart from the diminutive Peter Trewaves, whose deceptively soft style conceals some beautiful, chunky bass lines, Marillion haven't been on music like Marmite from the pram, averaging only around six years clocked up on their respective instruments.

But despite the hindrance of squalid equipment (a handicap which should by now have been rectified by selective spending of EMI capital) each member shows skills worthy of seasoned though not yet veteran artists.

What a joy it is hearing a sombre organ and vibrant swelling Mellotron played as effectively, intelligently and ambidextrously as Kelly's, and listening to a whizzing synth properly put to use by blurring fingers.

How chilling it can be as the guitarist slides his bottle-neck along steel to produce that sad crying effect, and engineers an array of sonic variation through his ramshackle pedal board.

How exhilirating watching Pointer rattle around his roto-toms, or delicately pat splashes from cymbals, chucking in a diverse collection of rolls in between.

Besides, any shortcomings there might be in instrument implementation are sufficiently concealed by the sheer craftsmanship of their songwriting.

It should be stressed that the Genesis comparison *is* just an initial gut reaction, and that though similarities are inextricably present in the style of music, probing exposes plenty of differences in approach.

The songs are certainly intense, showcasing a marvellous grasp of temperament pacing, with mood changes in or between each number being executed with lubricated glide.

The passionately smouldering 'Chelsea Monday', for instance, dives to the doldrums of depression while contrastingly 'Garden Party' ventilates the atmosphere with a tuneful bubblyness in its' happy keyboard entree and frisky tempo.

The element that intrinsically sets Marillion apart from Genesis is a kind of coarse kick which charges the music of a sort never attempted by the letter.

It's apparent when Rothery slashes out the breathtakingly constructed hair-tossing heavy metal lead break in 'The Web', in the aggressive vocal scowl Fish finds in the bumpy dimness of 'He Knows You Know', and in the vigourous 'Three Boats Down From The Candy', which seings from eerie, tormented tranquility to tumultuous melody with the appropriate degree of abruptness.

Listen to the difference between songs to gauge the scope covered. 'She Chameleon' has a brisk, smooth-flowing beat throughout. The anti-war 'Forgotton Sons', climaxing set and acting antics—when Fish pulls on field jacket and helmet and hate-faced, machine-guns the audience with his mike-stand—meanwhile warps through more time changes than a good episode of Sapphire And Steel, building from rocky intro, over a cold, funky-edged section, through a thumping verse while Fish spits out his caustically rewritten Lord's Prayer, ending, Mellotron blazing out choir noises with stirring epical tempestuousness.

'Grendel' at around twenty minutes must proudly (yeah *proudly*) clock in as the lengthiest composition since Rush write 'Hemispheres'! Musically and lyrically it's picturesque and powerful, on the surface a sullen fairy tale, but with a strong anti-religion sting in the tail.

That leaves just three numbers with distinct dance tones to them!

Firstly the pleasant 'Institution Waltz' is a dead cert to replace 'The Blue Danube' on top of the Come Dancing dirty thirty! Then there's the anthemic, bouncy 'Market Square Hero', a marvellous musical paraphrase of a paramilitary morris dance!

And lastly 'Margaret' (trad. Scottish arr. adapted by Marillion) inducing unrestrained Highland jiggery all over the floor, a device well-timed to defuse the clot of feelings caused by the lyrical and musical breadth throughout the set.

I'd wager on at least two or three of these songs becoming out-and-out *all-time classics.*

RELAXING in between shows at the Fish family's shoreside coastal retreat (honest!), we settle into a chat and approach the matter at hand.

Their mode of music has certainly been muffled for the last

continues page 43



MAYHEM!

■ Over a gargantuan tumbler of cognac a more than, uh, merry **David Coverdale** revealed that he has just signed a deal with the legendary Geffen Records run by that awesome multi-millionaire David Geffen who's managed to sign up just about anybody worth talking about (rumour has it that his latest coup is none other than David Bowie). The deal covers US and Japanese territories only ... so far.

Coverdale still remains tight-lipped about the Whitesnake line-up and just gave a light-hearted smirk when asked about the possibilities of a newly reformed Jimmy Page joining the band. We at *Kerrang!* believe that Trapeze founder member, guitarist Mel Galley, will be in the ranks along with Cozy Powell, Micky Moody, Jon Lord and an American funk/jazz bass player whose name eludes us at the moment. With an imminent album release and a reportedly busy touring schedule it looks like Whitesnake could succeed in their bid for global domination. An interview with the chief snake shall follow in this hallowed journal shortly.

■ **Status Quo** are releasing collectors packages of three albums as part of their 20th anniversary celebrations. The three album sets will be available from November 5 in either a cardboard box, a metallic tin or a cassette box, two of the albums will be a compilation of Greatest Hits and the third a live album, with a total of 36 tracks. The cardboard box and cassette box will sell for £8.99 while the metallic tin (which will be individually numbered) will cost £10.99.



pic by Paul Cox

DAVID COVERDALE: big US deal (see first item)

■ **Telephone**, "outrageously successful" in their native France have released their second album through Virgin entitled (wait for it) 'Telephone'. The LP, containing six tracks, was produced by none other than Bob Ezrin, whose entered the studio in the past with the likes of Kiss, Alice Cooper, Pink Floyd and Led Zeppelin, and who also co-wrote a couple of the tracks here. The band are tentatively arranging a tour for the new year.

■ Glam Rockers **Rox** have replaced bassist Gary Maunsell with 'Hyped-up Hot-shot' Billy Beaman. That's all the thanx we get for running a colour pic of the band (*Kerrang!* 27).

■ MCA are setting up a rock/HM mailing list with up to date info on all the relevant acts on their books – **Tom Petty, TOPT, Diamond Head** etc. Anyone interested should contact Dino Ostarchini at MCA Records, 1 Gt. Pulteney St., London W1.

■ **Wishbone Ash** are off on a 36-date tour of Europe, spread over 44 days, to promote their 'Twin Barrels Burning' LP and the single 'Engine Overheat'. They'll be back in the UK at the beginning of December.

■ 'Scarred For Life', the aptly named new album from **Rose Tattoo**, has been delayed xy injuries to the new lead guitarist Rob Riley (broke his arm "during recording" apparently, although lifting pints is probably closer to the mark) and Angry Anderson who bust a leg falling off stage recently. The band hope these mishaps won't prevent them touring the US with Aerosmith prior to their return to these shores. And the album? According to youthful scribe Bonutto, who had a sneak preview, it's: "their best yet, more varied and powerful than previous efforts." Release date is November 15.

■ Legal problems ahead for some of the biggest names in HM circles, it seems. First off, there's the newly-formed **Tony Kaye/Chris Squire/Alan White/Trevor Rabin** super-group. Having christened themselves **Cinema**, they now face a very rapid change of monicker. The reason? Well, there's a registered band by that name already in the USA, and this lot, led by Shrapnel Records boss **Mike Varney** (he behind the 'US Metal' compilation series) are prepared to take court action to preserve THEIR use of the handle. As the Brit band's market (in the wake of Asia) is very likely to lie predominantly in America, watch out for a rapid 'change of programme' at your local Cinema.

■ Similar problems currently assault ex-**Lynyrd Skynyrd/Rossington Collins Band** star Allen Collins. His new outfit boasts the name of **Horsepower**. Trouble is there's already a Philly-based quartet called ... Horsepower. So, again legal wrangles are in the pipeline.

DIAMONDHEAD LP artwork to be won!

DIAMONDHEAD have been framed! We've got five original prints of the 'Borrowed Time' album sleeve artwork by Rodney Matthews, all in luvverly tasteful frames and all signed by the band themselves!

All you gotta do to get your hands on this desirable artefact is to answer correctly the questions below on a POSTCARD and send it to DIAMONDHEAD COMPETITION, PO BOX 16, HARLOW, ESSEX.

First five correct entries out of our giant bag win the framed freebies.



1. Name Diamond Head's three singles released on their own label.
2. Which of the above singles was re-released on the 'Call Me' single?
3. What well known radio producer was credited as Lone Pine Productions on 'Call Me'?

LOS ANGELES

■ When 24-hour music channel MTV got an eyeful of **Queen's** 'Body Language' video they did a quick chorus of "**Flesh** – aaaa-aargh" and pulled it off the air before any of their nice American viewers could get corrupted. MTV is a new cable channel that airs band and record company videos day and night, hosted by nauseating **Tony-Blackburn**-with-accents-type video jockeys.

Still, it's managed to make quite a hip name for itself, helped by having the likes of **Pete Townshend, Mick Jagger** and **Pat Benatar** appearing in commercials plugging the thing. Queen's video joins the hallowed ranks of **Van Halen's** 'Oh Pretty Woman', **Sparks'** 'Angst In My Pants' and **John Cougar's** 'Jack and Diane' as the only ones to be banned, but is unique in that there were actually two versions – an X-rated one with naughty bits intact, and a AA with rude parts censored by pretty pink arrows – and neither of them was considered suitable for broadcast.

■ **Heart's Wilson** sisters revealed themselves as old folkies on 'The David Letterman Show', serenading late-night listeners with an acoustic guitar duet on a wimpey 'Heartbreak Hotel'. They spent the rest of the late-night TV show talking about their dogs.

■ **Black Sabbath** have fired their manager **Sandy Pearlman** and look like doing the same to diminutive singer **Ronnie Dio**. Sandy was given his marching papers last week in what the record company kindly refers to as a change of scenery, "they've been together a long time" (hardly). But there's rumours in the air that the band's split right down the middle, with the two original members wanting to go their own way.

Meanwhile Dio's busy working on a solo album (don't expect it before the end of the year) as well as producing LA **Foreigner**-type hard rock band **Rough Cuts**. And Pearlman – who still manages Blue Oyster Cult and **Aldo Nova**, so no need to send him any food parcels – has reportedly been wooing **Uriah Heep** to take the Sab's place.

■ **Riot's Rhett Forrester** has been declared fit and well and able to hit the bottle again by the hospital that was treating him for a nasty bout of pneumonia.

■ And more from the *Kerrang!* medical files: **Carly Simon** impersonator **Steve Tyler** is going round saying that it wasn't the departure of the guitarists and the lack of decent material that slowed down **Aerosmith** these past couple of years, but an old war wound – a gammy foot to be precise. Two years ago, Tyler was riding his motorbike in



pic by Andre Csillag

Gillan's game plan

■ *It now seems unlikely that* **Ian Gillan** *will take any further part in the Reading Football Club fiasco. The negotiations are by no means closed, but as more details are disclosed, it seems pretty certain that the club are more intent on getting publicity.*

Ian is upset by accusations that he's only interested in the promotional side of the recent exchanges between the club's board, himself, and a number of financial backers including Virgin emperor Richardon Branson and a leading sports marketing consultant.

"I'm afraid I'm beginning to get rather angry at the people who think anyone who's trying to do something helpful for someone else must have an ulterior motive. In my case, at least, the accusations are completely unfounded – I'm just concerned that a good football club may go under because of lack of financial support. In fact it's turned out that Reading don't really have financial problems, just a drop in attendances, but apart from that I don't need the publicity. After all it won't really do me much good!"

Ian initially approached the club some six months ago when it was up for grabs, but was told that Reading weren't interested. Recent exchanges between the two parties suggest that the situation is now even less clear.

"It's true that we haven't actually made a solid offer, that's impossible until we've sat down and discussed the situation with the management of Reading FC, but it's becoming increasingly obvious that they don't really want to sell the club."

Aside from his sporting aspirations, Gillan is now in the throes of a major British tour, his biggest to date in more ways than one.

"I've decided the time has come to put on a show that's fitting to the current success we're enjoying. Up until now, we've been content to set up and play with little or no special effects, even our lighting has been pretty ordinary. But on this tour there'll be a number of special props including a gigantic timpani raiser and extra spotlights. We've also got two 25 foot 'castles' complete with balconies for the back up singers: The Franks and The Cucumbers (the latter being a group of well endowed young ladies who REFUSE to keep their clothes on!), so you can see we won't be doing things by halves!"

Kerrang! readers will also have a chance to take part in the show. If you'd like to be a member of the backing vocal group, all you have to do is to turn up at the stage door and ask nicely.

"We'll try to include as many fans as possible, there'll be more some nights than others, but it'll be first come first served so get there early. They'll get in free and we'll even buy them a drink afterwards! Alternatively, write to my office address giving a name and phone number – we'll do the rest!"

OK if you want to be a member of Gillan for an evening, write to Ian at 10 Sutherland Avenue, London W.9.

NICK KEMP

moccassins, and somehow managed to rip a heel off changing gear. Now it's sewn back on again, the band "just looks like tits", he said. "We look like a rock and roll band should look. More important, we sound like one should sound." Aerosmith are going to be touring out here till at least Christmas.

■ **Rainbow** do "a great impersonation of **Foreigner** which is a good impersonation of **Paul Rodgers**." **Ritchie Blackmore** sounds like "**Journey**, Foreigner, one of those guys. They all sound alike to me." **Bow Wow Wow** "sound like **Doris Day** ... should be illegal", **The Jam** "sucks" and **Sammy Hagar's** version of "Piece Of My Heart" they "don't give a shit for". So went **Nazareth's** reviews of some current rock releases when an American mag got **Dan McCafferty** and **Pete Agnew** to do a 'Juke Box Jury' job. The only record they liked was **Genesis's** 'Paperlate'.

And **UFO** – who'd done their own bit of slagging in an earlier issue, saying amongst other things that **Van Halen** were prostitutes – were dismissed with "It sounds like they're trying to sound like **REO Speedwagon** to get a hit"!

■ Locals **Bitch** – the hardcore leather band with the well-endowed vocalist, Betsy – plan to follow up their successful EP with an album, as soon as they've saved up some money. They'll be going into the studio at the end of the year ... LA's **Demon Flight** have an EP, 'Search And Destroy', out on Metal Blade Records ... Expect a Christmas release from a new band, **Malice**, also on Metal Blade. The label's currently compiling the 12 best new bands from around the world for a 'Metal Massacre II' album ...

■ There's a new band doing the rounds by the name of **Wasp**. The guitarist used to be in glam rock band **The New York Dolls**, while one of his colleagues was in LA shock rock band **Sister**, a bunch of **Motley Crue** lookalikes who used to eat worms onstage.

■ **Todd Rundgren** loped into the Roxy to check out LA hard rock's latest white hope, **Burning Rome**. The four-piece features **Elvis Costello's** old drummer and a cute blonde female vocalist who could sing **Benatar** under the table. The band's debut album's out on A&M, and they should be out touring soon with **Eddie Money**.

■ America's teeming with faceless rock bands, but **Ted Nugent**? The Gonz is back onstage after his recent car accident with a bunch of cuts and bruises on the famous mug and a minor skull fracture. Reasoned Mr N, "You don't need a face to do rock and roll."

■ Heard of an American rock station this wonderful example of Yank humour: Q- Why did **Ozzy Osbourne** cross the road? A- Because his teeth were attached to a chicken.

■ **Tom Petty**, who's come out of mourning for the guitars and equipment he had nicked a while back, turned up at the tiny Whisky club where his band used to play in pre-platinum days. The club – the usual place for rock and Heavy Metal bands with a record contract but a small American following to play – sadly bit the dust this week, to be reborn as another new wave disco. Petty got onstage with **The Plimsouls** – the local band who headlined the farewell date – to jam for a couple of numbers.

■ Good news, however, is that the LA Starwood Club, closed a year ago by complaining rich neighbours, looks like opening up again. **Quiet Riot**, fearturing at one time the late Randy Rhoads, was the house band there for ages.

■ Porn to be wild: **Motley Crue's** in this month's ish of naughty men's mag **'Oui'**, posing with some scantily-dressed females and better-looking motorbikes. But anyone who wants to know the real meaning of 'greaser' should check out **Motorhead** in the month before. October's 'Oui' has **Lemmy** and **Phil** keeping company with a lady oiled up in butter.

TOUR DATES

OZZY OSBOURNE embarks on his 'Speak Of The Devil' tour in December opening with: St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum 10, Birmingham NEC 12, London Wembley Arena 14, Leeds Queen Hall 16, Newcastle City Hall 18, Glasgow Apollo 19, Liverpool Royal Court Theatre 20. Ticket prices will range between £4 and £5.50 and are on sale now from the venues and usual ticket agencies. The support for the tour will be **Budgie**.

PHIL COLLINS, flushed with recent success at Milton Keynes and the Marquee alongside his Genesis compadres, has now ventured forth under his own steam and plays the Hammersmith Odeon on November 28, 29, 30 and December 1. Tickets are on sale now from the box office.

TWELFTH NIGHT, Reading progressive rockers will be touring over the next two months in order to promote their single on Revo Records which is a re-make of The Fab Fours classic 'Eleanor Rigby'. Gigs confirmed include: Croydon Cartoon Club November 4, Reading Bulmershe College 5, Exeter University 7, Reading University 20, Fulham New Golden Lion 22, Oxford Penny Farthing 25, Coventry General Wolfe 26, London Rock Garden 29, Guildford Wooden Bridge December 2, Wokingham Angie's Club 5.

GEDDES AXE who have absolutely nothing to do with Canadian copyists Geddy's Nose and are currently making an impact on the Heavy Metal Charts (for what it's worth-Toots) begin a series of one nighters to promote their new idsque 'Sharpen Your Wits' starting at the Kensington Ad Lib club on November 25.

DUMPY'S RUSTY BOLTS continue touring with: Lee Green Old Tiger's Head November 18, Bristol Granary 20, Tonypandy Naval Club 27, Newbridge Memorial Hall 28, Whitney Palace Theatre December 19.

ENGLISH ROGUES have added four more gigs to their 10 week club tour in the South of England. They are at: the Gravesend Red Lion November 19, Greenwich Tunnel Club 26, Folkestone Royal Norolk December 10 and Folkestone Golden Arrow 26.

THE TONY McPHEE BAND kick off their new set of club dates with an explosive opener at the Putney Half Moon on November 5; other confirmed gigs include the Brentwood Hermit Club 12, Manchester Band On The Wall 17, Birmingham Golden Eagle 25.

TOBRUK play are undertaking a series of one nighters around Britain including such prestigious venues as Bletchley's Gladiators November 25, Shuttleworth College 25 (Shome mishtake here – Ed) and Broughton Rock Hall December 10.

MARILLION have announced a hectic tour schedule: Liverpool Warehouse 4, Guildford, University of Surrey 6, Glasgow Night Moves 8, Ayr Pavilion 9, Keith Longmore Hall 10, Inverness Ice Rink 11, Edinburgh Night Club 12, Dundee University 13, Redcar Coatham Bowl 14, Swindon Brunel Rooms 16, Gloucester Leisure Rooms 17, Norwich Gala Ballroom 18, Dunstable Queensway Hall 20, Whitney (Oxon) Palace Theatre 21, Canterbury University of Kent 22, Bristol Granary 23, Stoke Waggon & Horses 24, Sheffield Limit Club 25.



Hoof dares wins?

Are the Cloven ones the new Kiss . . . or just a bunch of hoofters?

. . . And the great Lord of Metallica looked down from his Throne of Thunder at the assembled Angels of Chaos. "Let us make rock in our own image," he cried. "Let us create Earth, Fire, Wind, Air. LET US FORM . . . CLOVEN HOOF!"

Er, yes, the above intro is just a shade OTT, just a hint over-indulgent, and on the biblical side of Bedlam. But . . . if you want to reflect Cloven Hoof in an accurate way, it *has* to be a case of ONE STEP BEYOND.

For this is a concept band in the great glam/mystic/metal tradition of Black Widow, Alice Cooper and Kiss. In fact, Hoof, with their psychopathic ballerina looks and garishly smeared make-up, will either become Britain's first *real* comic-strip/metal stars, or else be doomed forever to wander the corridors of lunacy!

Formed two years ago in Wolverhampton (not exactly 'Detroit Rock City') as a quartet boasting Air on bass, Earth on drums, Fire on lead guitar, and Water on lead vocals (no mere mortal names for this lot!) Cloven Hoof set out from the start to strike up an individual stance.

"We've got our own special concept," explains Air. "It's an alternative universe, which we created from existing legends, witchcraft mythology and comic strips plus our own ideas."

The bare bones of this 'concept' concern an ordinary bunch of rockists who, whilst wandering through a 'deserted wasteland', are forced by a freak elemental outburst to take shelter in a cave. This onslaught by earth, fire, water, and air, changes them into superheroes, able through the good offices of the obligatory 'ritual ceremony', to invoke special powers at will.

Sounds a bit like a rehash of the old Kiss/Marvel Comics plots and Hoof don't deny the connection for a moment.

"Yeah, it's in a very similar mould to that but there our likeness to Kiss ends," assures Air. "What we're trying to do is sort of escapist. We wanna go one stage further than Kiss ever have. And, I'd also just like to say that we don't regard ourselves as glam rockers like Wrathchild or Rox. We're an all-out British HM band. To us the so-called glam/metal groups play heavy *petal* music. Cloven Hoof are VERY heavy indeed!"

That may be so, but to me Cloven Hoof (the moniker incidentally was chosen because "we wanted something on demonic lines, but not bland like Black Sabbath") represent, if not the exact musical style of accepted glam, then at least it's spirit. What's depressed me in recent years has been the consistent way UK bands have failed to match the larger-than-life fun of their US contemporaries. I've always felt this due in no small measure to the fact that, whilst American youngsters are brought up on hysterical excess and overboard ridiculousness in their entertainments from Edgar Allen Poe to Walt Disney and Tobe Hooper to Superman, we in Britain have a more staid tradition.

Consequently, US bands have an inbuilt desire to go to extremes, yet still retain a sense of cartoon hilarity, while Brit rockers invariably miss the point, and end up lacking the right balance between music and image. That's not a problem for Cloven Hoof:

"To us the music comes miles before the image. We're all determined to become good musicians. The costumes and make-up are just the icing on the cake. But at the same time, we believe that HM should be about the 'fantastic' and is there to be enjoyed, not taken too seriously!" In short, a rock 'n' roll circus with a sense of humour!

However, don't run away with the idea that simply because Hoof have a well-developed sense of jollity, they aren't pros. Everything done in the name of the band has a sheen of professionalism. The 'group concept' is constantly being updated. There are plans to make a film based on the plot, and also to take on the road a specially created show designed to mirror the whole epic (to date, due to a lack of right-sized venues, Hoof have played only one gig, at the Lafayette Club in Colchester, where according to Air "we went down very well – surprisingly well in fact").

All of which brings me to my one gripe about these mythological midlanders – the music. As evinced on the boys recently-issued 'Opening Ritual' EP (through their own Elemental label), I'm afraid there's a long way to go before the CH songs match the grandeur of the concept. Listening to the four tracks on record after hearing the band enthuse about their laudable plans is rather akin to meeting the spirit of Aleistair Crowley – only to find he speaks like Larry Grayson! Cloven Hoof's musical style (although competent) is all too twee and inoffensive for my taste, possessing neither the melodic charisma of Demon, nor the intense roar of Venom.

"Well, everyone has their own ideas," laughs Air. "And whatever anyone thinks, so long as they write about us, I'm not worried. All publicity is good. Besides, the EP *is* selling very well not only in England but abroad, and most people we've spoken to who've heard it have been very favourably impressed. In fact, it's already got the interest of one fairly major label, who seem to want to sign us."

Hmm, maybe I did expect too much from what was after all a cheap, self-produced record. And, maybe, with more studio experience plus the services of a sympathetic producer (howzabout Bob Ezrin?), things will improve. I certainly hope so, cos on all other fronts, Cloven Hoof are my type of band – larger-than-life character creating a larger-than-life rocky horror show. "We are trying to be the band, we always wanted to see," boasts Air in conclusion. "We aren't greedy – we just want everything!"

MALCOLM DOMI

Whitesnake

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AND
'BLOODY LUXURY'

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DEC 20th/21st **GLASGOW** APOLLO
DEC 23rd **LEICESTER** DE MONTFORT HALL
DEC 27th/28th/29th **BIRMINGHAM** ODEON
DEC 31st **MANCHESTER** APOLLO
JAN 1st **MANCHESTER** APOLLO
JAN 3rd/4th/5th **LONDON** HAMMERSMITH ODEON

TOUR DATES CORRECT AT TIME OF GOING TO PRESS

NERVOUS TEN



pic by Chris Walter

"I feel a little shakey
I can't control my nerves . . .
I wish I could relax
I just can't stop my mind
I wish I could collapse
But my body's not that
kind . . ."
('Get Nervous' – Pat Benater)

LISTENING to the lyrics on the title cut of Pat Benatar's new LP one might presume that the lady is slightly neurotic, perhaps a little deranged. But in fact that's hardly the case and as it transpires her off-stage persona evidences few hints of rock 'n' roll mayhem. Indeed she comes across as a fairly quiet and even homely lady.

This month sees her return to the scene with the album 'Get Nervous' which shows a distinct change in her style.

Over the past few years she has become one of the most successful female artists in the rock world, having scored three consecutive platinum-selling discs, but with the latest record Ms. Benatar clearly felt that it was time to alter her approach. Some might question the lady's reasons for not wishing to adhere to a winning formula, but in her opinion that would have been too easy.

"The reason that this LP is different is because I didn't want to let myself be trapped in one particular category. People like to put you in little boxes and want you to stay a certain way but that's dangerous. You end up doing the same kind of songs over and over again and apart from anything else it can get boring.

"In the past our attitude towards making a record has generally been 'Let's get in and do it' but this time we spent a lot longer and I think it's worked. This is different from anything we've ever done before. We also changed a band member – our old guitarist Scott Sheets left and we now have a keyboard player, so the whole sound has been altered."

Despite the changes, 'Get Nervous' is an extremely good album and features a wide range of material. It's not as bland as some of Pat's previous work and it should enable her to break fresh territories.

She agrees; "There was a danger of me getting locked into being bland and that's why we wanted to vary the music. Things tend to get a little stagnant and boring after a while and if it's boring for you then it must be incredibly tedious for other people."

Conversation with 'The First Lady of Rock 'n' Roll' is taking

SION

PAT BENATAR talks to Steve Gett

place at the Beverly Hills Hotel in Los Angeles, some three days after her appearance at the massive US Festival. That performance marked Pat Benatar's return to gigging and judging by her onstage display she's definitely not lost her edge.

"It felt great to get back up on stage again," she states enthusiastically "The last time we'd played was in November 1981 and you do tend to miss touring after a while. Going out on the road stinks sometimes but the good thing is that you can get away from being normal, which I tend to be most of the time! There's certain months of the year when you can be a maniac and it's great for a while."

When Pat's not touring, she lives in Los Angeles with her husband/guitarist/producer Neil Geraldo. "We're really just 'house people'. We don't go out and see that many bands – it's too much of a hassle. We like to stay at home and have a few friends over for barbeques and things like that. We're not really party-goers."

Benatar and Geraldo were married earlier this year, although they'd been going out with each other on-and-off for some time. It must be strange to have her husband in the band and one wonders whether Pat ever finds it difficult.

"It's something you have to adjust to," she answers. "It can either be horrible or great – there's no middle. Most of the time it's OK for us because we have managed to adjust and once we got married things were a lot simpler. All that romantic stuff was settled and so we could just get down and work."

How 'horrible' can things get though?

"Oh, very horrible! But that's only on odd occasions and I guess it's kind of inevitable. The very fact that you're around someone 24 hours a day can lead to your getting on each other's nerves – the close proximity of it all.

"Like if we've had a hard time in the studio one day, we still have to go home with each other at night and that can make you nuts! But generally we sort things out without much difficulty.

"It's too fragile a situation for us to start fighting or anything. On 'Precious Time' you can tell that things were tense because we weren't really together and there was a lot of fighting and arguing. But that's all settled now and the relationship works pretty well."

When Pat decided to close the knot with Neil it wasn't for the first time. She was first married at 21 and at the time had little aspirations for a career in rock 'n' roll.

"I wanted to be a schoolteacher!" she laughs. "But now I realise that it would have been a big mistake because I just don't have the patience at all. I was going through the training but then I got married and he unfortunately got drafted."

Prior to her first marriage, Pat Andrezejewski (her maiden name) had grown up on Long Island. Her father was a labourer in a sheet metal factory and her mother had once sung in the New York opera. She had been given vocal training from an early age but it wasn't until she was in her 20's that Pat began singing professionally.

When her first husband, Dennis Benatar, had been drafted the couple moved down to Virginia where she worked as a bank teller. Eventually though, part-time work as a singing waitress was secured in a local nightclub. In 1975 the Benatars moved back to New York but were extremely poor. By the end of the decade Pat had been 'discovered' and the rest is history.

—She recorded her debut album 'In The Heat Of The Night' for Chrysalis and, while her marriage to Dennis fell apart, success came rapidly. Indeed by the time 'Crimes of Passion' emerged Pat Benatar was enjoying a good deal of acclaim.

Music lovers welcomed the raunchy singer with open arms and her ability to deliver on stage as well as on vinyl was a major factor in her breakthrough. In fact nowadays Benatar finds touring to be the most rewarding aspect of this business.

"I still get a real kick out of going on stage and playing in front of audiences. I don't mind recording if it doesn't take too long but other than that I'm not really into the whole business thing. All the meetings and everything are just so boring – I hate them!"

Pat Benatar returns to the road for a mammoth world tour to coincide with the release of 'Get Nervous'. The concerts kick off in the States and in the early part of '83 she and the band will be visiting Britain before returning for more US dates.

In the meantime Pat is happy to relax at her home in Los Angeles. Considering her self-confessed dislike for a wild social life, it seems a little strange that she should have decided to settle in the West Coast city.

"There's so much of it that I really don't like the peacefulness of it. (LA – peaceful?!?) We live out in the 'valley' (she adopts a Moon Zappa tone) in a real suburban country area and it suits us fine.

—"I moved out here about three years ago because I just can't live in New York City anymore – it's just too nuts! With all the craziness of touring, the last thing I want to do is come back to a crazy place!"

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VENOM: Poe-faced paranoia

VENOM
'Black Metal'
(Neat 1005)

VENOM are the Heavy Metal band Edgar Allen Poe never lived to form! Outrageously overwhelming occultists, this North-Eastern trio have already made a name for themselves by regularly straying onto the wrong side of the sanity line.

Certainly 'Welcome To Hell', their debut LP last year, was a glorious blur of the vile, the vicious, and the vitriolic – a one-off unrepeatable extravaganza of total noise. And the emphasis should be on the 'one-off', cos if the band had merely recycled the same style on 'Black Metal' the result would have doomed them to wear the 'novelty band' tag for the rest of their career. Thankfully, though, there's more than a little brains behind the Venom concept, and the upshot is that 'BM' is altogether more structured than it's predecessor. The livewire loonies have traded in the all-embracing sonic war machine style of 'Welcome ...' for a sadistically wielded bull-whip. In short, they're more selective in terms of the targets they choose to hit, and they also display a more positive grasp of rock 'n' roll dynamics.

For instance 'To Hell & Back' (a round trip on the BR system?) is almost taken at balladic speed by Venom standards, with the fluid guitarama of Mantas and the driving drums of Abaddon perfectly augmenting the werewolf growl of vocalist Cronos, as he roars about walking *'arm in arm with Lucifer/Goliath on my back'*. 'Teacher's Pet' also benefits from a touch of semi-restraint – Mantas even gets to play an extended bluesy guitar break! The same is true of 'Countess Bathory', a gothically gruesome tribute to the Eastern European lady of the middle ages who earned infamy by bathing in the blood of young virgins in order to keep her beauty – perfect Venom lyrical fodder!

However, with Venom words like 'restraint' and 'control' are all relative. Even on the above tracks, the band still burn with an untethered brutality. And elsewhere, on numbers like the title track 'Heaven's On Fire', and 'Sacrifice', Venom move at such a frenetic pace, they make even Tank seem like legless geriatrics. And the impressive thing is that, unlike Ward & Co, Venom even in top gear NEVER use pure speed as a substitute for rasping power.

All of which brings me to the outstanding cut, 'Buried Alive'. Undoubtedly, the most frighteningly effective horror/rock song since the original 'Black Sabbath' number, this is an eerily atmospheric piece that induces an overpowering sense of claustrophobia. Telling the torrid tale of a man buried alive in a coffin, Venom use the simplest of effects, such as the sound of earth falling onto the coffin, and echoey vocal pleas from the trapped chap, to make an impact of true genius. So that when Cronos bellows 'Let me out of here!' it sends shivers up your spine.

Venom may well be musically limited, but 'Black Metal' shows that they know how to use what talents they have to the full. Definitely one of '82s most potent albums.

MALCOLM DOME

HAWKWIND
'Choose Your Masques'
(RCA RCALP 6055

Hawkwind have never been the most approachable of bands, nor have they ever courted fashion. Indeed, I am one of the few *Kerrang!* scribes who will admit to owning Hawkwind records, let alone actually liking them, and 'Choose Your Masques' happily shows Brock at last regaining some direction and advancing positively.

The last album 'Church of Hawkwind' saw the band slipping into an esoteric rut destined for oblivion, but 'CYM', while not exactly 'commercial', God forbid, at least has indications that their imaginative flair has been rekindled.

The title track and opener features some demonic guest sax from Nik Turner and sets an overall tone of malevolence that is carried through much of the album. Ian Holm (remember him in 'Alien'?) supplies a brief, chilling narration at the beginning of 'Dream Worker' followed by some idle 'spaceman' witterings. And then up comes the album winner 'Arrival In Utopia/Utopia', where Hugh Lloyd-Langton surpasses himself on guitar and the tempo picks up dramatically before the calm of Hawkwind's vision of paradise gives way to the dronal advice that: *"If you wanna get in to it, you gotta get out of it."*

Side Two has 'Silver Machine' first up. An utterly pointless exercise. Quite what possessed Brock to revamp this and then to omit S. Macmanus' credit (who was he?) remains a mystery. Take a severe rap across the knuckles. However, the rest of the side continues in more lucrative spirit. Listen out for the 'Outer Limits' intro to 'Void City' and Langton's tasteful fret work throughout.

In short, take heart; Hawkwind are back on course, boldly treading where few, if any, have trod before.

DAVE DICKSON.

SAMSON
'Before The Storm'
(Polydor)

SAMSON are one of those bands that have always had a hard core of fans yet never really captured the imagination of the majority of the Metal hordes – myself included. But this album, their fourth, has the power and potential to change that and turn the band into one of Britain's top acts.

Such a statement would have been ambitious, if not plain silly, just 12 months ago. Paul Samson was without a singer (after Bruce's departure to join Maiden) and backed by an excellent, but ultimately misplaced, drummer Mel Gaymor. The two replacements who breathed new life into the floundering body of this original NWOBHM crew, however, are big Nicky Moore on vocals and Pete Jupp on drums. Thus armed, Samson have risen, Phoenix-like, to prooduce 'Before The Storm'.

'Danger Zone' kicks off with whirring siren sounds quickly overrun by an angry riff. The rhythm track is equally spiteful – listen for the drum fills towards the end – and Nicky instantly makes his mark with a booming vocal, though later he shows off the other end of his range on 'Red Skies', a number that has already proved a winner live. Like nearly all the tracks here, it revolves around an excellent chorus. Indeed, such choruses are the crowning glory of 'The New Samson' . . . just a couple of plays and you find yourself singing along, a rare treat amongst British bands.

Side two opens with the new single 'Life On The Run' which should see some *serious* action in the HM charts and ought to dent the national listings too. Great harmonies, great hook, great solo – it's got everything! Even better than 'Losing My Grip' which has been re-recorded for inclusion here.

But the real winner is the final cut 'Young Idea'. It begins in sombre mood with just Nicky and Paul (on acoustic) and tells the story of a young girl promised "the bright lights" who ends up under *red* ones before eventually committing suicide. As it progresses, bass, drums and guitar creep in almost un-noticed. They'll probably hate me for it but the obvious comparison is Meatloaf, though there's no frilly shirts and the emotion in the vocals is far more believable.

So success at last for Mr. Samson and trusty side-kick, bassman Chris Aylmer? Well that's up to you lot out there! But I've a hunch the next episode in the Samson Story will bring good news . . . because this LP is going to impress a lot of people.

NEIL JEFFRIES

DIAMOND HEAD
Living On. . .Borrowed Time'
(MCA)

IF GENIUS is pain then Diamond Head must be the world's greatest masochists. From the day Zeppelin released 'Presence' the world has cried out for a band who play hard rock with both lust and honesty – Whiitesnake being the K TEL version – and now after God knows how long the truth is once again upon us.

Forever in the making, this album is the absolute peak of everything that has happened to HM in the past four years. I don't care what any retard bozo has to say about Diamond Head claiming to be 'the natural successors to Zeppelin! Led Zep are history, an essential part of any sane persons growing up, just like wetting the bed, but Diamond Head do for the future what Zep did for the past.

While the band, along with Iron Maiden mark the absolute pinnacle of modern day HM, it's taken them a long time to sew up a proper record deal. But now that situation has been put in order we'll hopefully be hearing a lot less from certain big-mouthed Americans who think they've got the Metal/blues side of the market wrapped up. 'Borrowed Time' is not only a new wave HM classic but an album that can stand shoulder to shoulder with, if not do a big no 2 on, most of the geriatrics like MSG, UFO and Rainbow.

Though only containing seven tracks, 'Borrowed Time' spans vast musical influences, from the sensual, swaggering blues of 'Don't You Ever Leave Me' to the brain-storming guitar callisthenics of 'Am I Evil' with the guitar and drum intro, powering out Holst's 'Mars' from the 'Planet Suite', giving way to a guitar excursion that shows both the variety and aggression in Brian Tatler's playing. An A-Z of guitar riffs the song has long been the mainstay of their live set, an Olympian bone cruncher steeped in sword and sorcery that despite the pedestrian drum beat is about as stable as a fairground *wurlitzer* on overdrive.

'Call Me' still stands proud as the best pop/Metal single this year (though it could have been left out in favour of an unreleased track of which the band have dozens, and along with 'In the Heat Of The Night' shows the depth and range of Sean Harris and Brian Tatler's song writing abilities, while the title track 'Borrowed Time' is the album's 'epic' much in the same style as 'Achilles Last Stand' with its flickering guitar line and solid but spacious bass and drums. As on all epic tracks the lyrics are somewhat obscure but they sound fine and to an idiot like me that's good enough.

One of the most heartening aspects is Duncan Scott's coming of age as a drummer. For so long the weak link, he's now on a par with the other members and, in contrast to the bass sound, the drums receive the full attention they deserve courtesy of Siouxsie/Associates producer Mike Hedges. Thus the final cog has been put into place and the Diamond Head machine is ready to roll.

GEOFF BANKS.

ROCK GODDESS



Their Debut Anthem

'HEAVY METAL ROCK 'N ROLL'

On 7," Three Track 12"
& Highly Desirable Picture Disc

A&M RECORDS

PAT BENATAR
'Get Nervous'
(Chrysalis Records CHR 1396)

WHILE Pat Benatar's past three releases have been entertaining packages, there was adanger of her material becoming somewhat bland and predictable. Evidently the lady herself was aware of what was happening because on this her latest venture into the studio, she's consciously altered her approach. Happily the gamble she was prepared to take by opting for change has paid off and there can be little doubt that 'Get Nervous' is her finest effort to date.

Side one kicks off with 'Shadows Of The Night' and continues with 'Looking For A Stranger'. To be blunt, the latter is by far the worst cut on the LP but from this point on Benatar can't be faulted. Indeed, the next track 'Get Nervous' is a masterful stroke of hard/pop rock that must rank as one of my favourite tunes of '82. It opens with a chugging guitar riff and continues at a frantic pace. Brilliant!

The tempo is lowered on the next item, which is highlighted by some fiery guitar work from Neil Geraldo, and then it's back to rock'n'roll with 'The Victim'. This was one that Pat previewed at the recent Californian US festival and it should go down well in metallic circles.

'Litle Too Late' opens the second half in a catchy manner and is followed by I'll Do It', where the addition of a keyboard player to the band shines through to strong effect.

The first lady of rock'n'roll hits the target with 'I Want Out' and 'Tell It To Her',, the celebrated voice well captured on vinyl. In fact the production is commendable throughout – full credit to Geraldo and his partner Pete Coleman.

Finally, 'Get Nervous' is brought to a dramatic close by 'Silent Partner', which commences with some perfectly layered vocals that intertwine slickly with the keyboards. Next to the title track, it's the highlight of the record.

Pat Benatar will doubtless earn a good deal of acclaim for this LP, but one must not forget the important contribution of husband Geraldo. Neil, who also produced John Waite's excellent 'Ignition' LP, writes some powerful material and is undeniably talented behind the desk. On top of this he's a sorely underrated guitarist and certainly deserves more praise.

STEVE GETT.

ALICE COOPER
Zipper Catches Skin
(Warner Bros. Records K57021)

"OUCH," Alice seems to whimper from the back cover; "ouch," thought I listening to this. Alice is not a healthy man as the last couple of albums have shown and this doesn't do much to convince me he's getting any better. Believe me, Alice, it pains me to write this, I really wanted to love this album to death.

You remember in 'Sunset Boulevard' how Gloria Swanson shut herself off from the world to watch old movies and answer the fan-mail sent by her man-servant? Well, in the ivory tower Alice has constructed over Beverly Hills he has a huge video screen that spews out movies all day long. I counted at least six film titles that are either directly named or inferred on 'Zipper Catches Skin' and even then I probably missed some.

So what went wrong? Difficult, but even the return to the fold of Dick Wagner as composer and performer doesn't seem to have rescued Alice from the mire. It's horribly indicative, I think, that the album's best cut 'I Am The Future', the one most reminiscent of Alice at his psychotic best, was written by Lalo Schifrin as part of a movie soundtrack.

Side two picks up with 'I Like Girls/Remarkably Insincere', wherein Alice injects some sharp humour courtesy of Patty Donahue, credited with 'vocals and sarcasm'. And the last three tracks all show flashes of former glories struggling to get through, but there's something pulling them back at the last moment.

I suspect Vincent Furnier has lost all control over the monster that is Alice, and, unleashed, the creature appears to be floundering aimlessly without much idea how to use his freedom. A return to 'The Inside', Vincent, would probably do you and Alice the world of good.

DAVE DICKSON.



VENDETTA: dirty in Detroit

IMPORTS!

TANE CAIN
Tané Cain
RCA AFL1-4381

'Old ladies in rock' have always suffered more than their fair share of flak, the general implication being that they're totally worthless and riding on the reputation of famous hubbies. Meet the wife of Journey's keyboard player Jonathan Cain, whose album successfully thumbs its nose at the sharpshooters – Journey too! Actually, it pisses all over 'Escape' but am I allowed to say that in a respectable mag like this?

Not that Tané can claim full credit, for eight of the nine tracks are co-written by the old man (with one Pug Baker, who may or may not be someone's dog), and Tané herself only gets a part credit on one of them. But then all she's claiming to do is be a singer, and she's devastatingly successful at that – her voice is clean and strong and, while hardly raunchy, is still great for rock (ditto Steve Perry, for example!)

As well as contributing on the writing front Jonathan Cain also pops up as co-producer with Keith Olsen, and still finds time to play all of the keyboards and some of the guitar, with Neal Schon taking a slice of the credit in the latter department. Add on the fact that Tané has the same management as Journey and you'll realise just how much quality there is behind her, and quite simply it wouldn't be there if she didn't merit it.

The most effective songs tend to open with poignancy or tranquility before rising to rich, rock hooks, and the kind of light and shade that distinguishes the best HR. There's more than a trace of deft commerciality in the grooves too, with 'Vertigo' conjuring up images of Blondie with balls, whilst the springheeled 'Holdin' On' echoes the faint traces of disco that the excellent Fotomaker first toyed with. Don't be put off by such apparently daunting inputs though (or the apparently C&W sleeve!) – listen and enjoy.

PAUL SUTER

LENO
'Corre, Corre'
(Serdisco HS35054)

IF YOU'RE one of those illogical little perverts who plays the last track off an album first you won't immediately believe the solemn adjudication that this album is a piece of shameless rubbish. 'Que Desilusion' is actually quite bearable, colourful guitar-work scoring some points along the way in this likeable rock ballad.

But as for the rest ... fetch the sickbag mother. Leno are allegedly the second biggest Spanish band after Baron Rojo, and are in fact so famous that the line-up doesn't need to be listed on the sleeve or inner bag. Therefore, for the benefit of afficianados, I shall quote from a review of this album that recently landed on *Kerrang's* desk. Rosendo Mercido is *'uno de los mejores y más sincilles guitarristas del pais'*, and his henchmen consist of Ramiro Penas *'a la bateria'* and Tony Urbano *'al bajo y algunas voces'. Comprende?*

So we have it; a powerless power trio, singing in Spanish and about as exciting as a month in Huddersfield.

PAUL SUTER

VENDETTA
'Vendetta'
(Epic Records Import)

HERE'S ONE I picked up on my travels in the States this summer and actually it's quite impressive. Vendetta are a trio from Detroit, led by the outrageous Nikki Buzz, who specialise in hard'n'dirty rock in the Aerosmith vein. The album opens with the raunchy 'Deadly Like A Rose' and continues in a ballsy manner. Recording took place at LA's Record Plant studios earlier this year and production was entrusted to Max Norman of Ozzy and Y&T fame. Whether Vendetta will hit off in the States remain to be seen – they make little compromise to the airwaves – and in fact one would imagine they're more likely to score on this side of the Atlantic.

STEVE GET

HELLCATS
'Hellcats'
(Radio Records 90010-1-Y, 5 trac mini import)

IF YOU'RE feeling down, depressed and lonely, I know a place where you can go – and that's straight down to the record rack to pick out one of those golden oldies, the albums whic have survived countless clear-outs, and endless spins. Those who actuall discovered the finest New York band of all time (Kiss excepted) will no doubt attest to albums by Starz remaining high on the 'go' list and the pleasure which 'Violation' and 'Coliseum Rock' have given to hard rockers must surely be enormous.

This romantic nostalgia is a pleasant way of introducng Hellcats, a new American hard rock act whose debut mini-album will have you punching the plaster and whacking the walls in delight! Of course, the word 'new' is highly ambiguous, not to say misleading, when the fizzogs o Richie Ranno and Michael Lee Smith (flattering pic, Michael?) are to be found under the Hellcats banner. The inspiration behind Starz has been re-born with its first recorded output in four years.

Smith and Ranno are joined by bassist Peter Scance and Doug Madic (who's worked with Prism) on drums to produce five tracks which have compacted all the brilliance of the super Starz into 20 hard rockin' minutes, making me wonder why I was frettin' for the two guys' future (four years ain't too long to wait for product, as Aerosmith would agree!)

The writing has matured but not blanded out and it's one high point all the way, from the melodically frenetic 'It's Alright' through 'You Make It Swell' (lovely ambiguous title), 'Teenage Tiger' and 'Rock & Roll Man' to 'Auto Erotica'. I'm well impressed with each song but the latter shows how Ranno and Smith have broadened their style to incorporate reggae and ballad influences without losing their roots, while 'Rock & Roll Man' ain't an iota as crass as you might imagine, Smith lyricising poignantly on a hugely over-worn theme: *'I got a highway look and a backstage brain/I can't remember my drummer's name.'* Oh, how true!

Musicianship is first rate, a special mention going to Scance's expressive bass work and of course Michael Lee Smith himself. He must surely be the best hard rock vocalist never to have made it on a scale and you ripped him off hugely Sean Harris! Check him out along with the other Hellcats; they take up where Starz left off. **HOWARD JOHNSON**


HAWKWIND
THE ALBUM
CHOOSE YOUR MASQUES
THE TOUR
1st NOV – SOUTHAMPTON GAUMONT
4th NOV – DUNSTABLE QUEENSWAY HALL
5th NOV – NORWICH UNIVERSITY
6th NOV – IPSWICH GAUMONT
7th NOV – LEICESTER DE MONTFORT HALL
10th NOV – FOLKESTONE LEAS CLIFF HALL
11th NOV – GUILDFORD CIVIC HALL
12th NOV – HAMMERSMITH ODEON
13th NOV – HAMMERSMITH ODEON
14th NOV – OXFORD APOLLO
ACTIVE
RCA

Coney Hatch: are they mentally disturbed?

HOT ON the trail of acts like Rush, Aldo Nova, Anvil and Loverboy comes Coney Hatch – the latest Maple Leaf export to the hard rock world. A strange name for a group, you may think, and as bassist Andy Curran explains their moniker was actually derived from a London mental institution!

"My parents are from Muswell Hill and before the band was formed I went on holiday with them to England. My dad took me to loads of pubs to try the different English beer – which was great by the way – and also showed me around every Tom, Dick and Harry's house.

"To be quite honest, it was getting kinda boring (I hope my dad doesn't read this!) but then we drove by this place that was surrounded by a huge brick wall. It was like something out of The Addams Family and I asked him who lived there. My dad then told me 'That's nobody's house – that's Colney Hatch, the looney bin'. The name stuck with me and when we were looking for a name for the group we decided to use it, but we took the 'L' out to simplify things. Everywhere we go people ask us what it means."

Coney Hatch (the group) released their debut album in America a couple of months ago and it'll shortly be hitting British record stores. Produced by Max Webster's Kim Mitchell, it's a pretty impressive platter and one well worthy of aural attention. The band have been gigging in their native Canada for a number of years and recently they crossed the border for their first Stateside concerts.

"The band was actually formed about three years ago," recalls Andy. "Dave (Ketchem) the drummer and I started the group and we had three or four different guitarists before we got anywhere. At that stage we were just doing gigs around Southern Ontario and were making terrible money. Eventually we got Steve (Shelski) and Carl (Dixon) through newspaper ads and things moved on from there."

Things really started happening for the band when Kim Mitchell became involved. How did that come together?

"Well, Max Webster had just broken up and Kim was basically doing nothing. We were playing a gig at The Gasworks – one of Toronto's most famous clubs where bands like Anvil play – and after we came off I went out into the audience and saw this guy writing on a sheet of paper. I thought he was probably a critic and so I went over and asked him how he liked the band.

"He told me that he thought we were really good and when we introduced ourselves said that his name was Pye (Dubois, lyricist for Max Webster). I was knocked out, because I really liked the group, and subsequently he phoned Kim and told him about us. A week later Kim came down, liked us and said he wanted to work with us. So the next step was to go in and do some demos."

These demo recordings attracted a good deal of record company interest but in the end the Coneys signed with Anthem/SRO – the Rush management stable.

Andy: "Quite a few of the major labels were keen on us but Anthem showed the most interest. We also wanted good management and they were prepared to look after us. I'm glad we went with them because things have worked out really well."

When did you record the album?

"We started it last December and spent a month in the studios before we realised that what we were doing sounded terrible. So we ended up scrapping everything and started off again trying a different format. In the end it took us about six weeks to complete. Most of the material was pretty fresh and we actually wrote a couple of numbers in the studio.

"Kim was amazing to work with and he was really helpful in the studio. He's made five albums already and so he's got a lot of experience. Having a producer who is a musician also helped because he was able to understand where we were at."

As stated earlier, the end result is extremely impressive and boats a fine selection of tunes. After a few spins I was eager to ascertain the Coneys' stage potential and consequently managed to check them out in Cleveland, Ohio.

It was the band's first gig on American soil and took place at the ungodly hour of eleven o'clock in the morning. It transpires that Cleveland's major rock radio station organises 'coffee-break' concerts for up-and-coming bands and every Wednesday local youths assemble to catch some live music . . . only in America!

Cleveland has quite a high unemployment figure and so quite a few people manage to attend the 'coffee-break' concerts, which are also aired live on the radio. Watching a group so early in the day isn't the best time to judge their potential but Coney Hatch fared well and their performance was enough to prove that they're more than able to deliver in the live environment.

The vocal work is split between bassist Andy and guitarist Carl Dixon and of the two, it's Curran who comes across with most conviction. His partner's voice is a little more on the melodic side (strong hints of Hagar in fact) whereas Andy has a rougher, raunchier edge.

"Yeah, I guess Carl's got more of a commercial feel – I'm more of a straightforward rock 'n' roller."

One thing that did strike me during the show was that Coney Hatch could possibly benefit from an actual frontman to spearhead their attack, which would add greater dynamics to the band. Just a thought . . . time will tell for the Coneys.

In the meantime, the band are out on the road in the States until the end of the year when they're due to start recording a new album. Any plans for Britain?

"Nothing's been set up at the moment," says Andy, "but to play Hammersmith Odeon would be a dream come true for me."

STEVE GETT



pic by Ross Halfin



CONEY HATCH'S Andy Curran: pic by Ross Halfin

SINGLES!

reviewed by STEVE GETT

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

JUDAS PRIEST: '(Take These) Chains' (CBS Records). One of the prime cuts from the marvellous 'Screaming For Vengeance' LP, 'Chains' is undeniably Priest's strongest attempt at the singles market. The song is *very* commercial but happily the Brummie rockers haven't been forced to make unnecessary compromise and their hard edge has remained intact. The b-side contains an eight-minute musical biography of the band featuring edited versions of a dozen or so JP classics. It's actually quite good despite the awful commentary by a certain Dave Owen (who?) Far better would have been to hear Priest themselves talking about their history.

RUSH: 'Subdivisions' (Mercury Records) While 'Subdivisions' is a good album track, I somehow doubt whether it will take off as a single. The 12-inch version includes 'Red Barchetta' and 'Jacob's Ladder', which most Rush fans will already have on vinyl – hardly an incentive for forking out hard earned cash.



pic by Justin Thomas

ROCK GODDESS: raunchy and impressive

STATUS QUO: 'Caroline (Live at the N.E.C.' (Vertigo Records). The song remains the same.

GILLAN: 'Long Gone' (Virgin Records). Much better than his rendition of Stevie Wonder's 'Living For The City', Gillan has come up trumps with this one. The flip side features the excellent 'Fiji' and the whole package comes in a highly elaborate gatefold sleeve. heart out Paul Daniels!

DEDRINGER: 'Hot Licks & Rock 'n' Roll'/'Hot Lady' (Neat Records). The debut on Neat Records from the Leeds-based band who were previously on Dindisc and once toured the UK with the Michael Schenker Group. Apparently, there has since been the odd personnel change and now the band are attempting their second bite at the cherry – always a tough task. Shows promise.

ASIA: 'Sole Survivor' (Geffen Records). One of the best numbers on Asia's excellent debut platter. However, if 'Heat Of The Moment' and 'Only Time Will Tell' failed to register impact on the UK charts will the band score with this one? Maybe their live appearances at Wembley will help.

ROCK GODDESS: 'Heavy Metal Rock 'n' Roll (A&M REcords). Despite the cliched title, this is actually an extremely good song featuring strong vocals and some raunchy guitar. I'm impressed and look forward to hearing their debut album. Rock Goddess could be an HM winner foor A&M. Watch out for a feature in our next issue.

MARILLION: 'Market Square Heroes' (EMI Records). Marillion's debut for EMI is very good. It echoes strong hints of Genesis circa Gabriel – a classic era – and is well worthy of aural attention. Fans will be interested to learn that the 12-inch version contains a mammoth 17-minute rendition of the tune 'Grendel' which has fast become a stage favourite. And who said the days of value for money were over?

STEEL BREEZE: 'You Don't Want Me Anymore' (RCA Records). Hailing from Sacremento, Steel Breeze are currently enjoying a good deal of success with this number in the States. Not surprising though, since this is a great hard rock/pop tune – very easy on the ears! Let's hope it takes off in Britain. PS: a feature is upcoming in *KERRANG!*

WITCHFYNDER GENERAL: 'Soviet Invasion' (Heavy Metal Records). If you still like early Sabbath material then you'll probably revel in the sounds of Witchfynder General.

BERNIE TORME & THE ELECTRIC GYPSIES: 'Shoorah Shoorah' (Kamaflage Records). The ex-Gillan guitarist's latest vinyl output is a two-record single package featuring two of his own songs and a couple of covers. The Torme compositions are much better on the whole and no doubt fans of the Irish axeman will relish his guitar antics. Somehow, I'm sure he could do better though with his choice of material.

TYGERS OF PAN TANG: 'Making Tracks' (MCA Records). The 12-inch version contains an extended rendition of this cut from 'The Cage' elpee which is extremely good. Whether it will be a hit though I doubt since it doesn't really have the necessary ingredients to broaden the band's appeal

ANDY SUMMERS & ROBER FRIPP: 'I Advance Masked' (A&M Records). I particularly like the Summers/Fripp album and this is by far the best cut on it. There are no hints of commercialism though and chart potential must be limited until the BBC decide to use it as a theme tune.

WHITESNAKE: 'Here I Go Again'/ 'Bloody Luxury' (Liberty Records). And so Coverdale returns after a lengthy break from the scene. 'Here I Go Again' is basically a ballad and it's with the raunchy 'Bloody Luxury' that the Whitesnake leader hits the target. The chorus of the latter is very reminiscent of the Stones' 'Respectable' but who's actually playing on it I can't say!

SILVERWING: 'That's Entertainment'/'Flashbomb Fever' (Mayhem Records). The general concensus of opinion in the *Kerrang!* office is that this record is dreadful.

WISHBONE ASH: 'Engine Overheat' (AVM Records). A very poor choice for a single. There is plenty of better material featured on Ash's current 'Twin Barrels Burning' album.

GUITAR HEROES

Issue No.3 ON SALE NOW!

—JIMMY PAGE—

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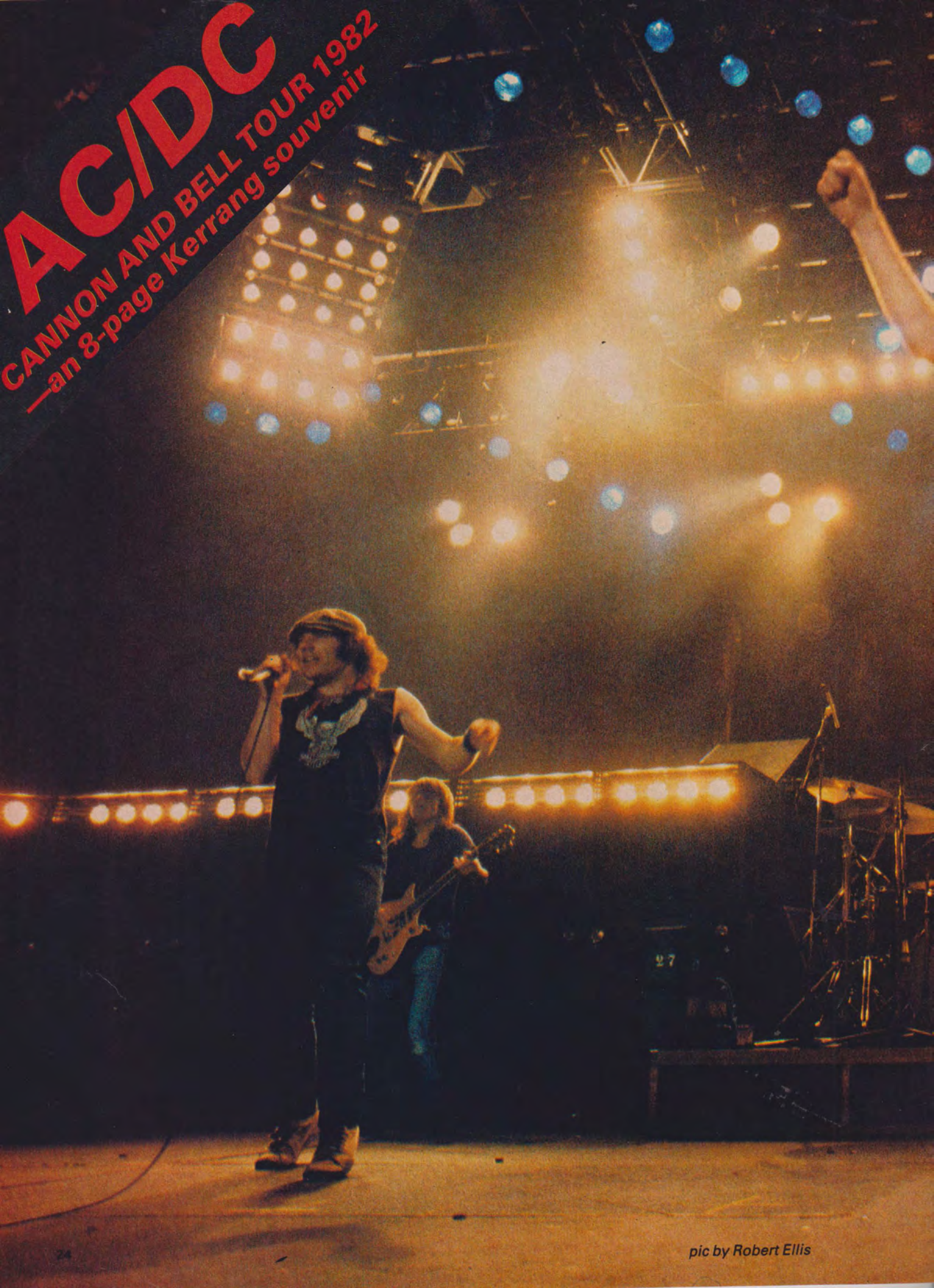
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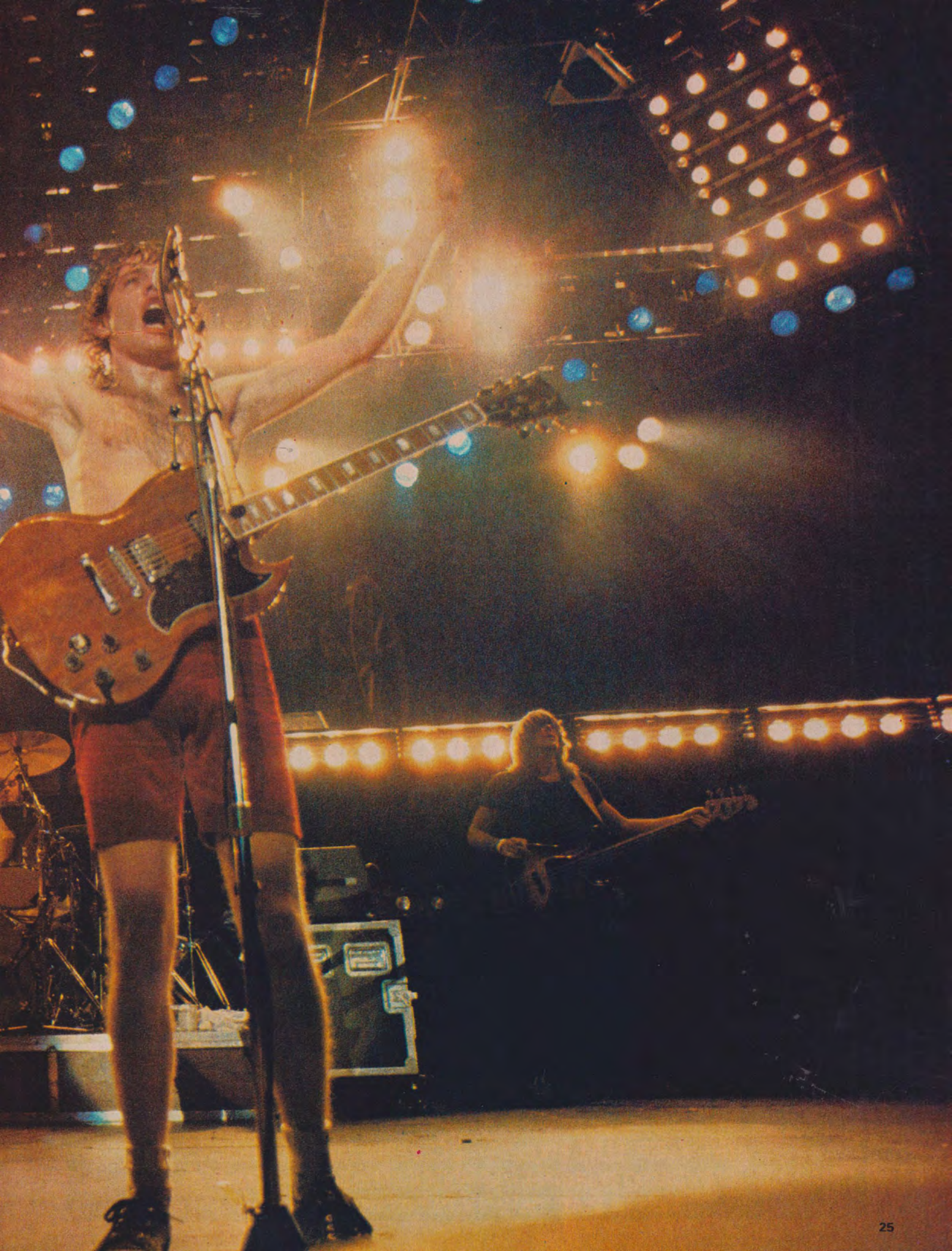
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AC/DC

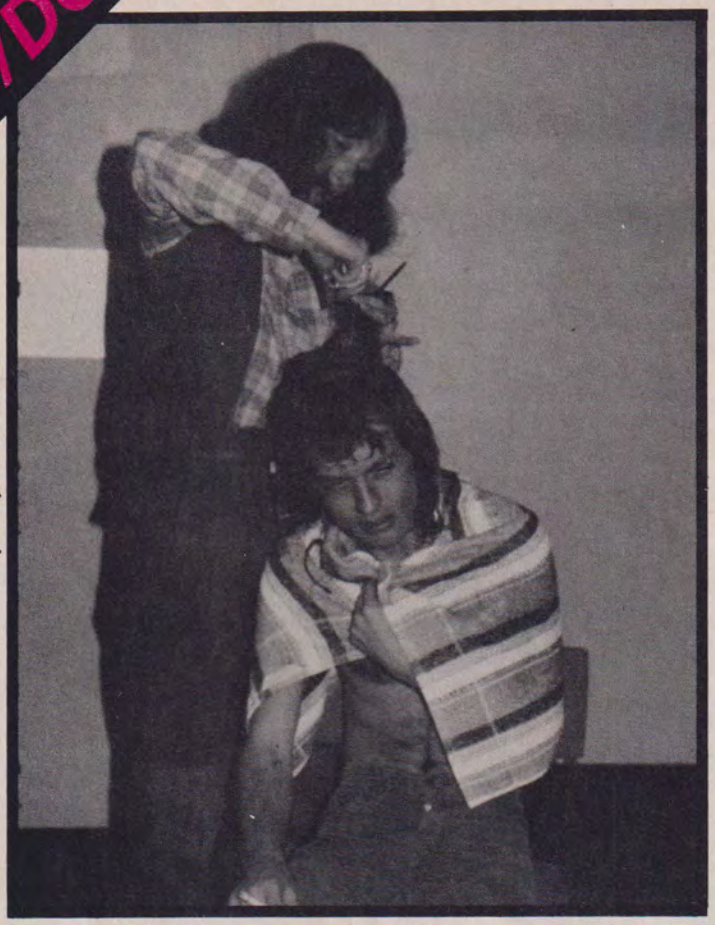
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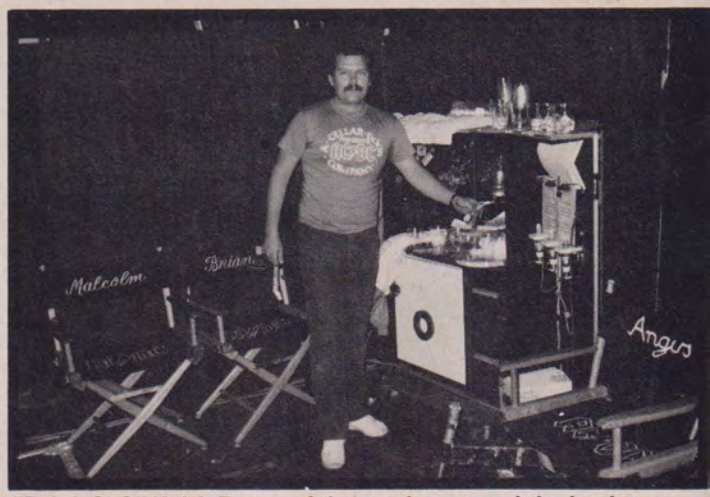
pic by Robert Ellis



all pix by Robert Ellis



"How about a mohican this time?. . ." Angus gets a trim before the second show at Birmingham



"Drink Sir?" Keith Evans of the road crew and the backstage Bell End Inn



NEW ALBUM
KISS
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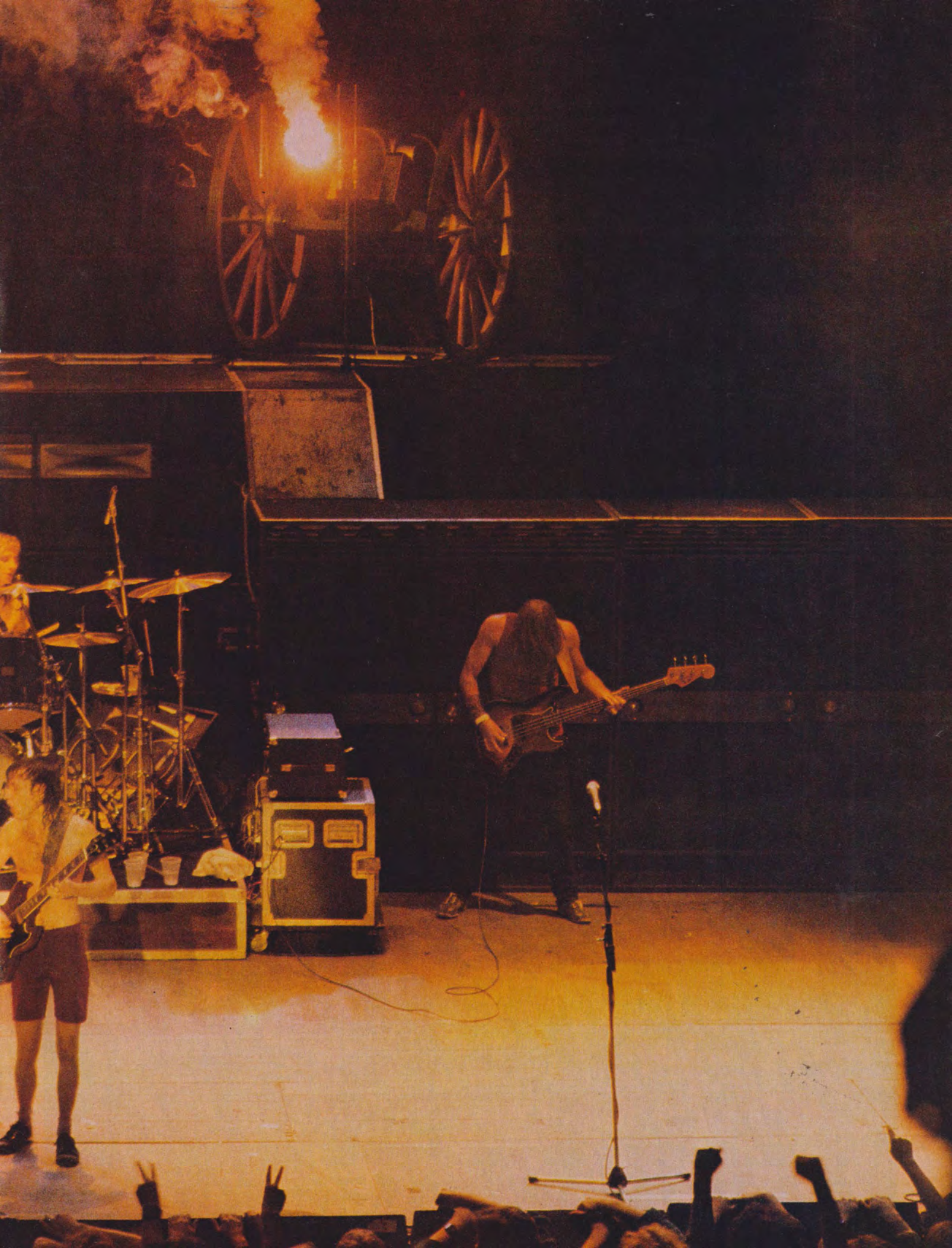


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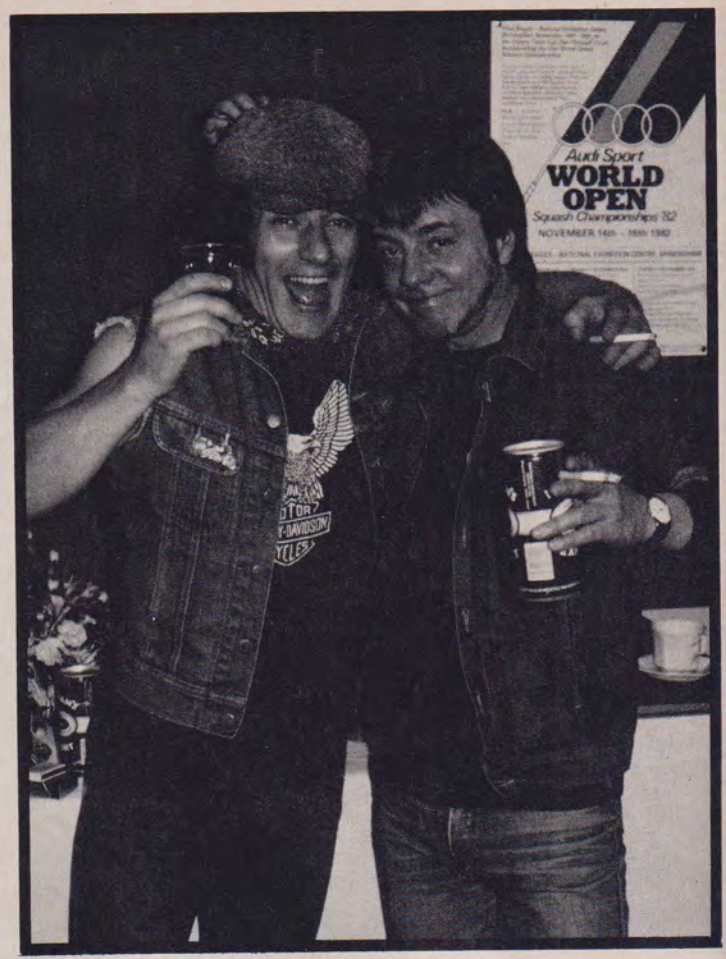

AC/DC
pic by Ross Halfin



AC/DC



all pix by Robert Ellis



Bryan Johnson and Angus's brother Alex

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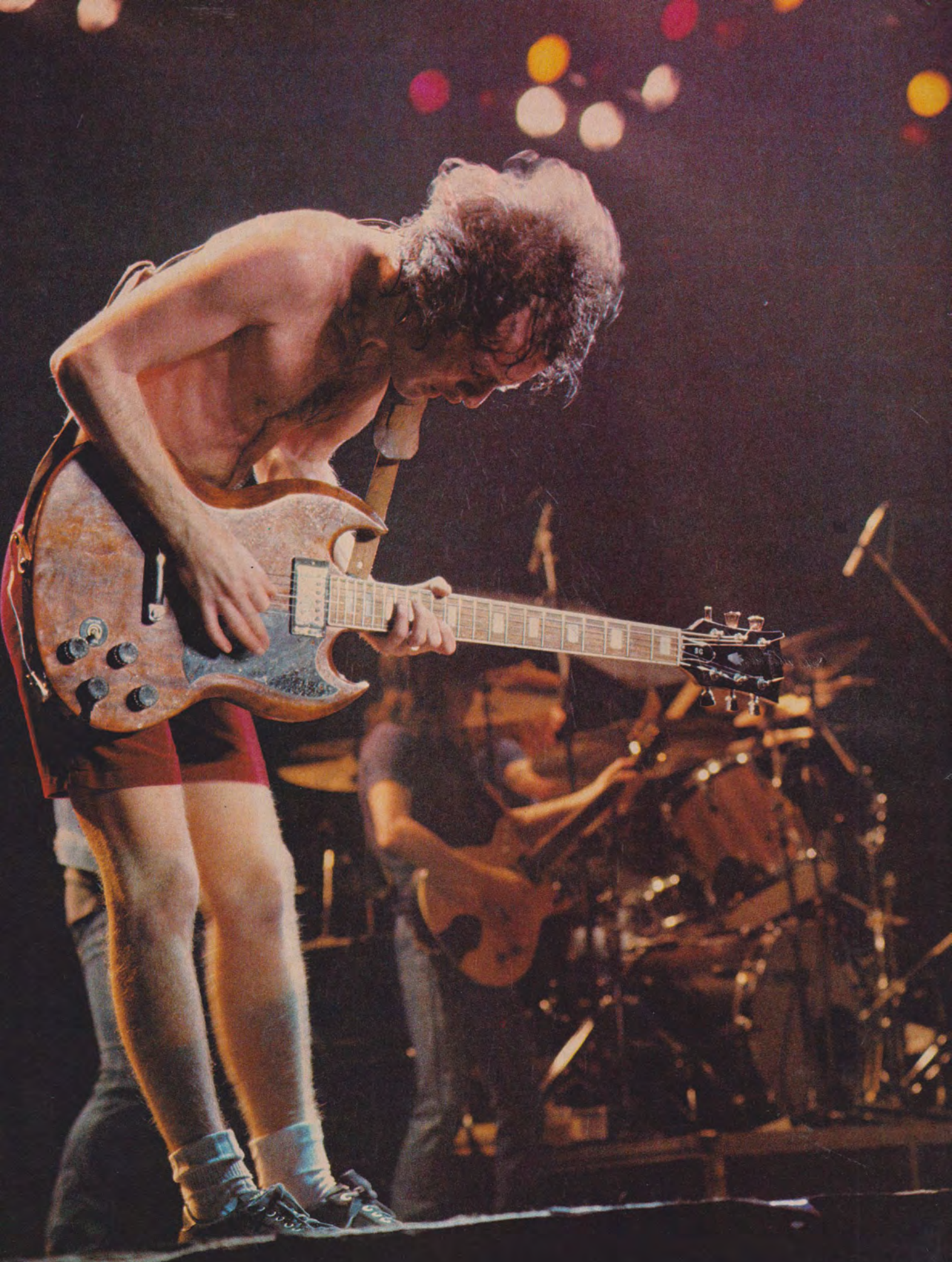
ON TOUR

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OCT 29th **COVENTRY** GENERAL WOLFE CLUB
OCT 30th **RETFORD** PORTERHOUSE
NOV 1st **GRIMSBY** COMMUNITY HALL
NOV 2nd **MANCHESTER** THE GALLERY
NOV 3rd **BANGOR** UNIVERSITY
NOV 4th **LIVERPOOL** WAREHOUSE
NOV 6th **GUILDFORD** UNIVERSITY
NOV 8th **GLASGOW** NIGHT MOVES
NOV 9th **AYR** PAVILLION
NOV 10th **KEITH,** LONGMORE HALL
NOV 11th **INVERNESS** ICE RINK
NOV 12th **EDINBURGH** NIGHT CLUB
NOV 13th **DUNDEE** UNIVERSITY
NOV 14th **REDCAR** COLTHAM BOWL
NOV 16th **SWINDON** BRUNEL ROOMS
NOV 17th **GLOUCESTER** LEISURE CENTRE
NOV 18th **NORWICH** GALA BALLROOM
NOV 20th **DUNSTABLE** QUEENSWAY HALL
NOV 21st **WHITNEY** PALACE THEATRE
NOV 22nd **CANTERBURY** UNIVERSITY OF KENT
NOV 23rd **BRISTOL** GRANARY CLUB
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NOV 25th **SHEFFIELD** LIMIT CLUB

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pic by Ross Halfin

PENPALS

This is a FREE service. But keep it brief – and clean! Send a photo too, if you like. Long, boring Penpal letters will go in the bin!

15 YEAR old Danish headbanger/ guitarist, male, would like to hear from male and female headbangers into Priest, Maiden, Tygers etc. Exchange HM rock tapes also.
Torben Enevoldsen, G1 Nastvedvej 24, 4683 Ronnede, Sjalland, Denmark.

TWO MUSIC fanatics, Kim (21) who has a four year Van Halen collection, and Gloria (18) whose into Journey. Both of us would love to hear from anyone in the UK, Europe or anywhere to exchange knowledge on these bands.
Kim Wicks and Gloria Robertson 13660 Mulberry Dr, Whittier, California USA 90605

27 YEAR old female would like to get in touch with any males in their late twenties or early thirties from anywhere, who're heavily into the one and only 'Rainbow'. Photo if possible.
Cheryl Davis, 43 Stewart Avenue, Little Halls, New Jersey (07424) USA.

HELLO THERE, I'm a 16 year old rocker from Sweden, I'm into Motorhead, Saxon, Maiden, Kiss, Lizzy etc, looking for a friend who likes rock and hates disco.
Torbjorn Samualsson, Von Lingens Vag 12, 21371 Malmo, Sweden.

FEMALE HEADBANGER 21, wants correspondence from everybody into Led Zepp, Hellion, Deep Purple, or Blackmore. Interested in trading HM rarities.
Sandy Priest, 7120 Hawthorn Blvd, No 7 Hollywood, California, 90046 USA.

18 YEAR old headbanger into AC/DC, Priest, Ozzy, Scorps, Maiden etc wants to hear from all headbangers 18-27.
Janne Fagerstrom, Kedjegatan 19, 29165 Kristianstad, Sweden.

I'M A Dutch male, 21, into all good HM/HR especially Jaguar. All male and female headbangers from all over the world also into Jaguar please contact me.
Ben, Ruysdaelstraat 40, 6415 TZ Heerlen, Holland.

VIRGIN STEELE, HM from NY, Featured on US metal Volume II, 40 minute current demo, 8 studio cuts and 2 live tracks on good cassette with picture send £4.00 in US money to
Jack Starr, PO BOX 251, Huntington Station, NY 11746 USA.

HELLO ALL Devils rockers in the UK. I'm 19 and into Venom, Demon, Picture, Jaguar and all kinds of HM. I play bass in a HM band called 'Brute Force'. I would like penpals between 16-20.
n Frisk, Storagatan 6B, 73100 Koping, Sweden.

I'M A 20 year old headbanger from Holland into Satan, Metallica, Deep Machine, Anvil, Silver Mountain and all new great HM. I would like to exchange pictures and demos.
Theo V.d. Eijnden, Grootmeestersstraat 32, Gemert 542KK (NB) Holland.

IS THERE anybody out there in Kerrangland still into vintage rock as well as HM. I'm into, Bowie, Bolan, UFO, Hawkwind, Gillan, etc. Females preferred but not necessary.
Lawrie Squires, 8/2 Oxcars Court, Muirhouse Grove, Edinburgh, EHU 4SR, Scotland.

I'M A 16 year old headbanger from Norway, into Motorhead, Sabbath, Raven, Riot, Ozzy, Fist and all HM. Also playing in a HM band.
Are Blindheim, Midskogvegen 13, 2020 Skedsmokorset, Norway.

SWEDISH artist desperately needs other artists to help with comic strips, humourous and thrilling. Please send examples of your work (amateurs welcome) and she will choose those suitable.
Monica Dahlander, Svalortsv 18, S-446 00 Alvangen, Sweden.



MY NAME is Alison, I'm 15 and would like to write to male/females aged 16+. I like Free, Rush, Gillan, Led Zep, and Whitesnake but above all AC/DC. I hate Rainbow and 15 year old boys. Angus Young lookalikes and people from Halifax replied to immediately.
k, 62 Hopgarden Road, Tonbridge, Kent.

19 YEAR old female from Japan would like penpals please. Likes: Led Zeppelin, AC/DC, Whitesnake, Rainbow, Foreigner.
Tamie Kakumi, 0155 Houdats Oshimizu-machi, Hakui-gun Ishikawa-Ken, Japan 929-13.

17 YEAR old female looking for cute males between 17 and 20. to write cute letters to. I think Jimmy Page is the best and love Sabbath, Zepp and Ozzy.
Angie, 8 Venesta Avenue, Salford 6, Lancs M68FE.

18 YEAR old metal maniac looking for correspondence with people who know what real music is. Into Maiden, old Kiss, Accept, Silver Mountain and of course Twisted Sister. Please, no wimps or time wasters.
John Erigo, 1644 Roosevelt St, Baldwin, NY 11510 USA.

I LIKE many kinds of music but I love hard rock and HM, playing the drums and old things like Jimi Hendrix and Purple. Also Rainbow, Lizzy, Quo, Demon, Def Leppard etc. I'm 23 want to correspond with rockers all over the world to exchange mags or cassettes.
Peter Hallberg, Sturegatan 5C, 211 50 Malmoe, Sweden.

I'M 19 and would love to correspond with anyone, all ages into: Alice Cooper, Slade, SAHB, T. Rex, Sweet, Kiss, Bowie, Twisted Sister etc. I'm in a glitter rock band.
Tom Bellisario, 33 Fontainbleau Dr, Willowdale, Ontario, Toronto, Canada.

FEMALE ROCKER (21) from Quebec would like to hear from all Van Halen fanatics from everywhere especially traders. Also into Maiden and Scorps.
, 47 Juchereau, Beauport, Que. G1E 2m2 Canada.

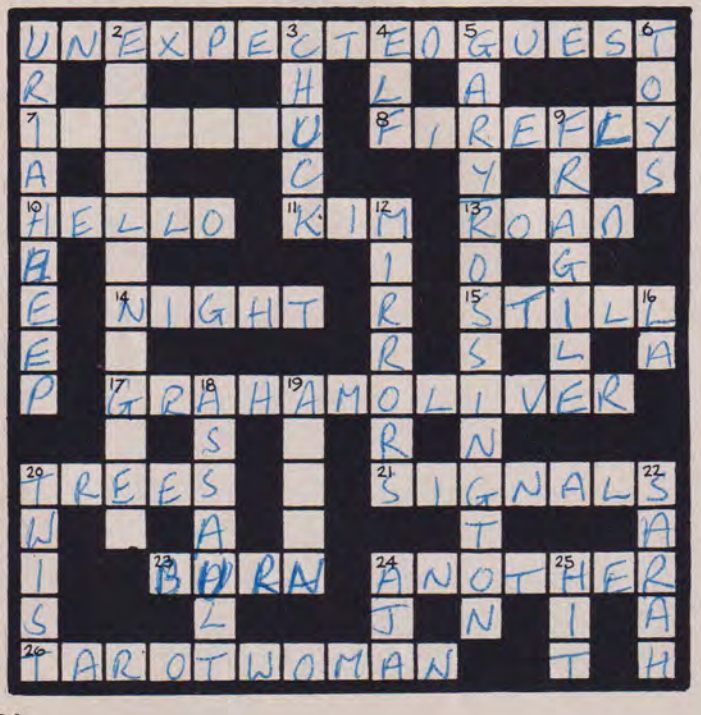
WE ARE 6 super fans of Van Halen, who want to get in touch with Van Halen fans in other countries. Write to:
Van Halen fans, 12-178 Rue Do Kirovaken, 92220 Bagneux, France.

YANK FEMALE lead guitarist, 21 years old heavily into Led Zep in every way seeks guys near to or around my own age who are musicians in or out of bands. No marrieds need write!
Dee Belz, 674 Vanderbilt Street, Brooklyn, NY 11218.

I'M A 17 year old earthdog into: Raven, Venom, Accept, Jaguar etc. Would like to hear from anyone with similar faves.
Cus Dennis, 984 Island BC, V8S 2T9, Canada.

MY NAME is Hitomi Saito, I'm a Japanese girl of 19 who likes Maiden, MSG, Tygers, Girlschool, Van Halen, Loudness (this is a Japanese band) etc. British heavy metal kids please write.
Hitomi Saito, 79 Sakae-cho, Toyohashi, Aichi-Ken, 440 Japan.

KISS FREAKS all around the world, over 15 male or female. I'm a 18 year old male wanting to hear from Kiss freaks from every country. Into Alice Cooper, Def Leppard also.
Russ Waldrip, 5133 W. Mauna Loa Lane, Glendale, Arizona 85306 USA.



KERROSSWORD!

ACROSS

1. Demon's second L.P. (10.5)
7. Frampton 45 that featured some nifty guitar work (2.2.3)
8. It flittered around 1 down (4.3)
10. What Def Lep said to US. (5)
11. Ms. McAuliffe (3)
13. Where Foghat contracted fever (4)
14. Budgie's flight (5)
15. . . . and Stones' life (5)
17. Once he was a son of a bitch (6.6)
20. They're in Lifeson's forest (5)
21. . . . and he helped to send these (7)
23. Purple on Fire (4)
24. A life for Maiden (7)
26. She dealt the cards for Ritchie (5.5)

DOWN

1. They celebrated a magician's birthday (5.4)
2. Axe man with the Johhny Van Zant Band (4.8)
3. Mr. Panozzo (5)
4. An old band for Dio (3)
5. A street survivor (4.10)
6. What Aerosmith hid in the attic (4)
9. A delicate Yes L.P (7)
12. They reflect well on BOC (7)
16. Where 26 across connected (1.1)
18. It went before Tattoo's battery (7)
19. Lee who's 10 years after (5)
20. Dance for Snider's sister? (5)
22. Girl for Lynott (5)
24. Steely Dan L.P (3)
25. 11 across did it before running (3)

SOLUTION

ACROSS: 1. Unexpected Guest. 7. I'm In You. 8. Fire Fly. 10. Hallo. 11. Kim. 13. Road. 14. Night. 15. Still. 17. Graham Oliver. 20. Trees. 21. Signals. 23.Burn. 24. Another. 26. Tarot Woman.

DOWN: 1. Uriah Heep. 2. Erik Lundgren. 3. Chuck. 4. Elf. 5. Gary Rossington. 6. Toys. 9. Fragile. 12. Mirrors. 16. L.A. 18. Assault. 19. Alvin. 20. Twist. 22. Sarah. 24. Aja. 25. Hit.

Kim Carnes: what's a nice girl like this doing in Kerrang?

Five and a half albums of soppy love songs, plus maybe 20 minutes of soft rock, have been consigned to the dumper by the new found aggression of the girl who is not, repeat not, the female answer to Rod Stewart. Now the monstrous task commences of trying to open the eyes and ears of a nation's rock fans—that's you, my little ironclad cabbages—to a new force that's still effective long after the initial shock has worn off.

And let's face it, shock has got to be the first reaction after sitting through the forceful splendour of Kim Carnes' 'Voyeur' album. There aren't many powerchords, one track's got a chorus of schoolchildren on it, and the words 'rock and roll' do not appear in any of the track titles; but as *Kerrang!* begins to bring you rock power in a few more varied guises than of old, consider this album compulsory investigation.

Suspicious soul that I am though, the possibility had to be considered that the slightest touch of hypocrisy might be involved; 'Bette Davis Eyes' had turned Kim Carnes into a success, and in America success seems to involve a far greater rock content than is evident in our own pathetic charts. Consider the evidence—six albums of '*I* love *you*' and '*you* left *me*', and then 'Voyeur' comes along full of observational lyrics that detach the writer, Kim Carnes, from what's depicted. So is Kim Carnes still soppy and sentimental at heart, but trying to sell more records?

The answer, it transpires, is a resounding no. In the sumptuous splendour of the Carlton Tower Hotel the convincingly emphatic evidence of keyboard player Steve Goldstein backed up everything Kim Carnes was to maintain. She's a rocker at heart and only now is she doing what she's wanted to do for a long time.

"She's not changed—right from the gatepost she wanted to be rock and roll, to be powerful, but her attitude just wasn't captured before this album".

So now let Kim take up the story:

"People that I've worked with, like certain producers, always saw me in a certain way up until Val (Garay, producer of her last two albums)—he didn't put me into a category. Before they would say 'I love the way you do ballads—you must do more of them' but after seven albums I said 'I wanna do this—rock out! 'It's what I listen to, it's what I've always loved. It seems like a big change but up here", she says, pointing to her head, "it isn't".

"I've always been where I am now as far as what I *wanted* but it took a while to actually get there. I don't think of myself as changing drastically until I go back and listen to old albums, then it's 'gee, you've *changed!* 'I think that as well as Val, a critical turning point was putting the band together—we've been a team for three tours now and that makes a big difference; I'd never had a band before".

Not that 'Voyeur' is the first album to use either Val Garay or the band, but this time around Kim knew exactly what she wanted to do.

"We found out", she says, "about half way through the album. 'Bette Davis Eyes', 'Draw Of The Cards', 'Miss You Tonight' happened, and when we'd finished the album we knew where we had to start off from for the next. We wrote 'Say You Don't Know Me' and 'Thrill Of The Grill' whilst we were on tour last summer, and it became easy to know which songs were going to fit into this album and which ones weren't. This is by far the best one we've done, the most consistent. Finally, after seven albums!"

Kim falls about in self-effacing mirth and any lingering doubts about her sincerity go out of the window. Stars can be tiresomely pretentious at the best of times—and no argument about it, Kim *is* a star these days—but she's refreshingly open and honest, and those of you who witnessed her rather *gauche* intro to the magnificent 'Voyeur' on Noel Edmonds awful, awful breakfast show recently will be unsurprised to hear her squeal:

"We're all crazy—we *are!* That side just had to show itself more on record. Right before we left the States I did 'Say You Don't Know Me' on a TV show, and got accused of smoking the drapes to write it! I don't know what that means . . . have you ever done that Goldie?"

Steve Goldstein, recently appointed expert on debauchery, smirks: "you mean today?"

Collapse of stout parties ensues, before I tentatively remark that the elegant hotel carpet looks quite interesting if anyone's got any Rizlas handy, only to be firmly corrected by Kim as she collapses again into hysterics: "No, you *suck* the carpet!"

So much for the elegant chic depicted by her album sleeves. But back to the music—*Kerrang!* was not established as a manual of interior (re)-design.

"I'd never want to do an album full of ballads again. There's a special place for them. I think 'Remember' and 'Sanity' round out the new album but I want to make people get up and dance, get up and rock.

"The live show has been more aggressive than the albums for quite a time, the show really rocks, and it was just a question of finding a way to put that on record. Recording live, as opposed to overdubbing, makes a big difference in terms of being able to get that energy down.

"None of us would do it any other way now; the great imperfections are still there—my favourite records are kinda perfectly imperfect, I love the raw edges. Recording live you go for the feel of the take rather than worrying about whether the guitar is perfect or not. The feel's got to be right and I think the only way to get that is to record live".

PAUL SUTER



KIM CARNES: a rocker at heart

WISHBONE ASH



ANDY POW
pic by Greg Hou

STILL BURNING!

THE FACT that Wishbone Ash are still battling on after more than a decade in this business is quite remarkable. Like true campaigners, they re-emerge onto the scene year after year and it's a wonder that they've not lost their will to continue considering how vehemently they tend to be dismissed. Cynics yearn to drive the final nail into their coffin and are constantly branding the group 'has beens' – but all to no avail.

"We've had a lot of problems with the press," states guitarist Andy Powell, "but we've never gone out of our way to create them. Maybe they find us boring but basically they're in the business of selling papers and they want sensationalism. Lots of sensational things do happen to us (!) but we're really not that way as a band.

"We have been around for a long time and if we were to go out under a completely different name then things would probably be a lot easier for us. People tend to have prejudices against names.

"The fact that the band is still going doesn't surprise me at all though. Everyone seems to think we'll just disappear and fade into obscurity but the reason Wishbone Ash carries on is that we still enjoy it a lot.

"Touring Britain has become a kind of annual outing for us but what people don't understand is that besides playing in the UK we do get to travel about quite a bit. Last year we went to India for example, and that was amazing. My own personal feeling is that if you still get a buzz out of something then there's no reason for giving it up."

Wishbone Ash recently completed their 1982 British trek (without the use of wheelchairs I might add) and I caught up with the rock 'n' roll veterans at their gig in St Albans. Upon arrival at the City Hall there was a paltry crowd gathered outside and it looked as though we were set for a quiet night.

Happily, by showtime a somewhat more respectable attendance level had been reached and Ash took to the stage to plenty of applause and cheering from the audience, who for the major part seemed to comprise diehard fans.

However it wasn't until mid-way through the gig that Wishbone Ash began to elicit the kind of enthusiastic response they might have anticipated. After their initial outburst, the crowd appeared politely appreciative as the group aired numbers from their current 'Twin Barrels Burning' LP, but when drummer Steve Upton came to the front of the stage and announced some old standards they finally came to life again.

"We're gonna play three songs from an album that first came out in 1972," proclaimed the skinbeater. "The album was called 'Argus' and we're gonna start with a number called 'The King Will Come'."

Among Ash fanatics this tune is generally regarded as an all-time classic and as the intro commenced there was a good deal of foot-tapping and hand-clapping going on in the hall. The band hit the target by continuing with 'Warrior' and 'Throw Down The Sword' but it seemed a pity that they were only able to evoke a strong audience reaction by playing numbers that are now ten years old.

On the whole, the newer items tended to be met with a degree of indifference – a shame since 'Twin Barrels Burning' is a particularly good record containing material that is far more poignant than some of the earlier songs, which do sound a little dated at times.

Backstage, after the show, I asked Andy Powell whether he found it a little disconcerting that it took 'Argus' numbers to get the crowd going.

"Well on the one hand we love it, because we're not embarrassed about our past in any way," he replied. "We're really proud of what we've done. At the same time though we do like to play the newer material because we believe in it and I think it's just a case of it taking the kids a while to get used to.

"I'm sure the audiences would be quite content if we just went out and played all old stuff but we've got to move on and hopefully take the kids with us."

The attendance at St Albans hadn't been fantastic and the general buzz about Ash's recent outing was that they were having a hard time selling tickets. Andy didn't deny that it hadn't been a phenomenally successful tour but at the same time he was eager to stress that it isn't just Ash who've been suffering.

"It strikes me that everyone's having a hard time at the moment and I think there are a number of reasons for it. Because of the economy kids can't afford to go to as many gigs as they might have done in the past. The Tygers Of Pan Tang were out on the road at the same time as us and it was the same for them. In fact at some gigs they had even less people than us and they've got a chart album.

"The economy is very depressing and when we played in Liverpool you could really sense that people were finding it tough.

"But I also think that the whole heavy metal thing has been played to death. The media has marketed it and jumped on it in such a big way that it's eventually become a bit dangerous. So many bands sprung up and there was a lot that wasn't really very good . . . but we keep steaming on."

Andy Powell mentioned the HM scene and I wondered whether he felt that Wishbone Ash had actually been shelved aside in the wake of all the newer bands who've emerged.

"To be quite honest a lot of the new bands are very derivative and unimaginative but it's the newness of those groups that the kids seem to get off on – the image and all that kind of thing. People tend to look upon us as being the roots because we've been around so long."

One thing that had struck me by seeing Ash on their '82 tour was how much guitarist Laurie Wisefield, who replaced Martin Turner some time ago, seems to be coming to the fore. The man is an excellent guitarist and has plenty of talent.

Andy agrees: "Laurie's got a lot of energy in him and he desperately wants recognition, needs it and deserves it. It's been a bit difficult for him because he joined the band on the tail end of a very successful period, but he's paid his dues and I think his time has come."

Aside from his slick axework, Laurie has also become more involved in the vocal side of the band. He has a fine voice but rumour had it that he hadn't wanted to sing for many years after an abortive appearance on a TV talent contest during his adolescence.

"It all stemmed from this thing he did when he was 14," explained Andy. "He went on this TV show and sung with an outsize guitar and apparently it just didn't happen. As a result all his schoolmates laughed at him and it actually put the mockers on him singing for a long time.

"He's actually a great vocalist and puts some excellent melodies out. It's really good that he's doing more singing now because when Martin left I had to do most of the vocals. Now it's a little more evenly balanced."

STEVE GETT



pic by Greg Houlgate

KONCERTS!

TERRAPLANE
Marquee Club

IT'S ALWAYS an emotional moment to watch a band come 'on stream', like the gusher in a Hollywood movie where everyone wallows in the black gold. The delerious fans at the Marquee weren't so much wallowing in oil as in the power of a performance by Terraplane that marked yet another breakthrough in what has been the most exciting year of their career.

In recent weeks they impressed fellow groups and campers at the Reading Festival, achieved a much-needed breakthrough into the national rock press, and are at last being noticed by those all important A&R men.

All the forces working in their favour seemed to converge on the Marquee on a merry Friday night. There were die-hard fans, pressmen, newcomers, all out to watch Danny Bowes the band's sensational singer, Luke Morley, Viking of HM guitar, and their ferociously powerful rhythm team of Gary 'Wild Man' Aitken (drums) and Nick 'Crusher' Linden (bass). And the response to a barnstorming set was a chorus of cheers and demands for an encore that was music to their ears. They've been struggling for gigs, up to their ears in debt and begging for a hearing these past two years. Now at last people are beginning to realise Terraplane are an alive, exciting band, with the potential for megastardom.

Danny, blessed with a soul-drenched vocal style, just has to be the best young singer to emerge in recent years, and he poured out the kind of wholly committed performance that makes you wonder how he could have stayed largely unrecognised beyond the South london homeland for so long.

No matter – the band are on their way, and gelled as a unit of pulsating energy while blasting through Terraplane favourites like 'Burning For Your Love', 'I Want Your Body', 'Losing My Mind' and the aptly named 'Living Like A Madman'. When Danny sings lines like ' I want your body', a frisson of excitement goes through the vast numbers of girls who flock to Terraplane gigs, and when he shouts a slow blues with skill and feeling, then the ghosts of giants who've passed through the portals of the Marquee must surely smile from within the veneer of nicotine and bubblegum that impregnates the ancient structure.

The band piled on the pressure for 'Turn Me Loose' and their encore 'Burning Up The Road', and the roar of the crowd was almost as loud as the thunder from the PA. My ears were ringing, but Danny leapt about the stage in his torn tee-shirt and blue jeans, and Luke hammered home a furious hail of guitar fire in a happy mixture of naked HM and traditional rock. It was great to see that once again the club had given birth to a legend. **CHRIS WELCH**



pic by Justin Thomas

HANOI ROCKS: the people your parents warned you about.

HANOI ROCKS
Greyhound, Fulham

Hanoi Rocks!
The very name, whispered in dark, secretive corners, was enough to send my blood pressure racing and my pulse rate rapping disorderly rhythms across my temples. It's not just that, bar the Rolling Stones, they're by far and away the best group I've seen live this year, it was the whole chaotic atmosphere, that disorganised and disreputable 'we don't give a f-' attitude they'd brought crashing into London during the summer that I'd found so exciting. Yeah, rock'n'roll; they live it, they breathe it, they personify and epitomise it. They ARE the people your parents warned you about, they AREN'T the people you bring home for afternoon tea.

So here I am at the Greyhound again, the site of my first, momentous and historic meeting with a band who are single-handedly and gratuitously demolishing Abba's clinical hold on the Scandinavian charts. I knew then that I was in the presence of soemthing more than just special, something mind-bogglingly gargantuan, and guess what? They were even better this time!

You know what happens when you attach a frog's leg to a 12v terminal; it twitches, right? Imagine what would happen if you ran 6000 volts through your cat when it wasn't looking; it'd go berserk, right? That's what Hanoi Rocks are like onstage.

The set is basically the same as before with a couple of newies from the forthcoming album and Iggy & the Stooges' 'I Feel Alright' thrown in for good measure, but strangely excluding the prospective single, 'Love's An Injection', and the gripping 'Whispers In The Dark'. Still, I should complain. While I'm scribbling inane notes to myself after the show – 'VFOOM', like a rat from an aquaduct they're back for an encore of 'Under My Wheels', the Alice classic, and the MC5's 'Lookin' At You' before the whole thing disintegrates about their ears.

'Mayhem' doesn't even begin to do them justice. Unless you suffer from nervous disorders, see this lot!

There, and I didn't even mention my ridiculously exhorbitant consumption of valium. **DAVE DICKSON**

TOTO
Hammersmith Odeon

Correct me if I'm wrong fellow American metal fans but, to my knowledge, this was the first time this US six-piece had set foot on UK terrain with any serious intention of playing live. Toto have now been together well over four years ... and four gawddamn years is too long to keep the UK audience waiting, cos it feels like a good thing to see a class band on a Brit stage!

I had doubted that Toto, one of my favourite recording bands, would come close to matching expectations in the live setting, where a touch of raw Priestian aggression never goes amiss and the coffee table audience of 'nice' plastic trendy guys with delectable slicked hair escorting their equally detestable and 'nice' girlfriends to their seats (standing is Oh so uncool) increased my fears ... and you know something, I was utterly, pleasantly wrong! Toto provided what was quite possibly the best live display of hard melodic rock music it's ever been my privilege to witness. Granted, it was the last night of the European tour and spirits were high but it's hard to think of another gig where more was put into a show.

The star was without doubt guitarist Steve Lukather, who incredibly elicited a response from the bemused 'nice' people in the audience with some tremendous lead playing. Guitar hero supreme – note and buy! As a vocalist, he also performed magnificently, as did David Paich and a plastered (leg not brain) Bobby Kimball, while the brothers Porcaro on bass, drums and keyboards were marvellous to watch with their technical adroitness and feel.

Many in the audience only recognised 'Hold The Line' and 'Rosanna' (peasants) but the real fans enjoyed every moment and were well catered for with a wide selection of top Toto tunes. The four year wait was worth every second. **HOWARD JOHNSON**

ORE
Marquee, London

THEIR FIRST Marquee headliner and my God what a success! I'm reliably informed that the Marquee had three hundred plus ecstatic punters crowded in front of the stage and Ore gave a performance that justified their sudden leap to hard rock prominence. This is the same band I saw many moons ago at the White Swan and the die hard fans at the front are still those who've supported them through thin and thick, but there's suddenly an extra spark, presence even, surrounding the group. They had the audience in the palm of their hands and they weren't gonna let them go in a hurry.

What was initially a good selection of songs from one of the better support bands on the London circuit has suddenly become a collection of rock classics: 'She's So Permanent' is obvious hit single material, as is 'Don't Start To Get Rough', while 'Your Time Has Come', the opener, had the whole place dancing in whatever square inch of space was available and the closer 'Yellow Fever' is surely destined for hall of fame status.

Yeah, I know this sounds somewhat OTT, and I know that this is about the millionth article I've written about the band, but if you were there then you'll agree and if you weren't you should have been. Ore are destined for The Big League, and if, in less than six months, they can progress from obscure pubs and support slots to packing out the Marquee, then God

knows where they're gonna be in another six. I won't even wish you good luck boys because, quite honestly, you really don't need it! **NICK KEMP**

PALLAS
Marquee, London

ANYONE out there with a good memory may well remember that as far back as issue 15 I prophesied the rise of Pallas from the bars of Scotland to the forefront of the British rock scene. Now, and not a moment too soon it seems that prophecy is becoming fact.

On a too brief excursion into the badlands of England Pallas made two assaults on the capital city. The first an unadvertised gig at the Moonlight Club was about as well attended as an SDP meeting (some 10 people turned up) but the second at the Marquee was a jam-packed stormer. The emphasis as ever was on visually projected techno/classical rock of the sort that's slowly becoming 'in vogue' with every Tom, Dick and Harry journalist and ligger who thinks that he/she's discovered a new trend, only to find that the ticket-buying public's known about it for some time.

Opening with 'Queen of the Deep' the set was much the same as the one I'd previously seen in Glasgow, only this time they played like a band with something to prove, not just one going through the motions for a home crowd that's seen the show a handful of times before.

Another important factor was vocalist Euan Lowson's relatively sombre onstage demeanour. Not that he's abandoned his colourful and, at time, dramatic stage attire but now his role is less passive than before and no longer does he disappear from the stage for great chunks of the set, a fact that serves to strengthen the unity of the band and give them a more defineable front man.

'Heart Attack' flies in the face of the obscene nuclear arms build up with, clad in combat jump-suit, Euan emotively dispensing the misery-ridden lyrics over a Genesisesque musical skyline intermeshed with synthesised flute and phased keyboards.

The ever-tragic 'Crown of Thorns' features bassist Graeme Murray on soul-torn vocals backed by a fractured riff and a moody synth that gives way to a beautiful, harmonised vocal passage ending with the hymnal misinterpretation of *'There is a green hill far away without a city wall, where each of us is crucified in a crown of thorns'*. Meanwhile, Euan strikes a crucified pose bathed in pure, white light.

As a close to the set the band preview one of the numbers from their soon to be unleashed 'concept set', the megalithic 'March of Atlantis', opening with a satanic choir that builds into a maelstromic thundering march, and certainly boding well for the rest of the new material when it finally sees the light of day.

Don't wait for ITV to do an exposé on the revival of progressive hard rock and for the kaftans to start flapping once again in the Carnaby St breeze, check it out now or else you will be, in the words of Pallas, *'wondering why the truth always passes you by'*. **GEOFF BANKS**

JOAN JETT & THE BLACKHEARTS
Cardiff University

CRACKING Britain may not prove to be the peice of cake the pundits would have had The Blackhearts believe after the phenomenal success of 'I Love Rock 'N' Roll'. Life is never *that* simple, and doubtless Joan and her cohorts are aware of the fact. After all, they had to traverse America three times before the country finally opened its arms to them and this is their *first* tour of the UK.

The crowd is disappointingly thin, estimates ranging from 3-600, not even a 'crowd' really. The bleak, autumnal weather may well have kept a few away, and the lack of a 'crowd-pulling' support act certainly didn't help eithter. Not the best of ways to begin a tour, then, but a real test of the Blackhearts' mettle (or Metal come to that). The mark of a truly professional band is one prepared to put on their best show no matter how adverse the circumstances. And the Blackhearts scored Nine on a Ten scale.

'Bad Reputation' whips up a maelstrom of furious turmoil, at the centre of which stands the diminutive mauve-clad figure of Joan Jett. But 'stands' really isn't the right word. Ms Jett is a hyper-active performer, bouncing, running, weaving; a curious mixture of unharnessed energy and precision.

Joan Jett will never be a great guitarist, nor even a great vocalist, but within the narrow confines of her ability she has already become a *great* entertainer. The mixture of originals and covers is nicely balanced in a set that, for the occasion, may have been of sufficient lemgth at an hour, but for the larger venues will need to be extended by a few more numbers.

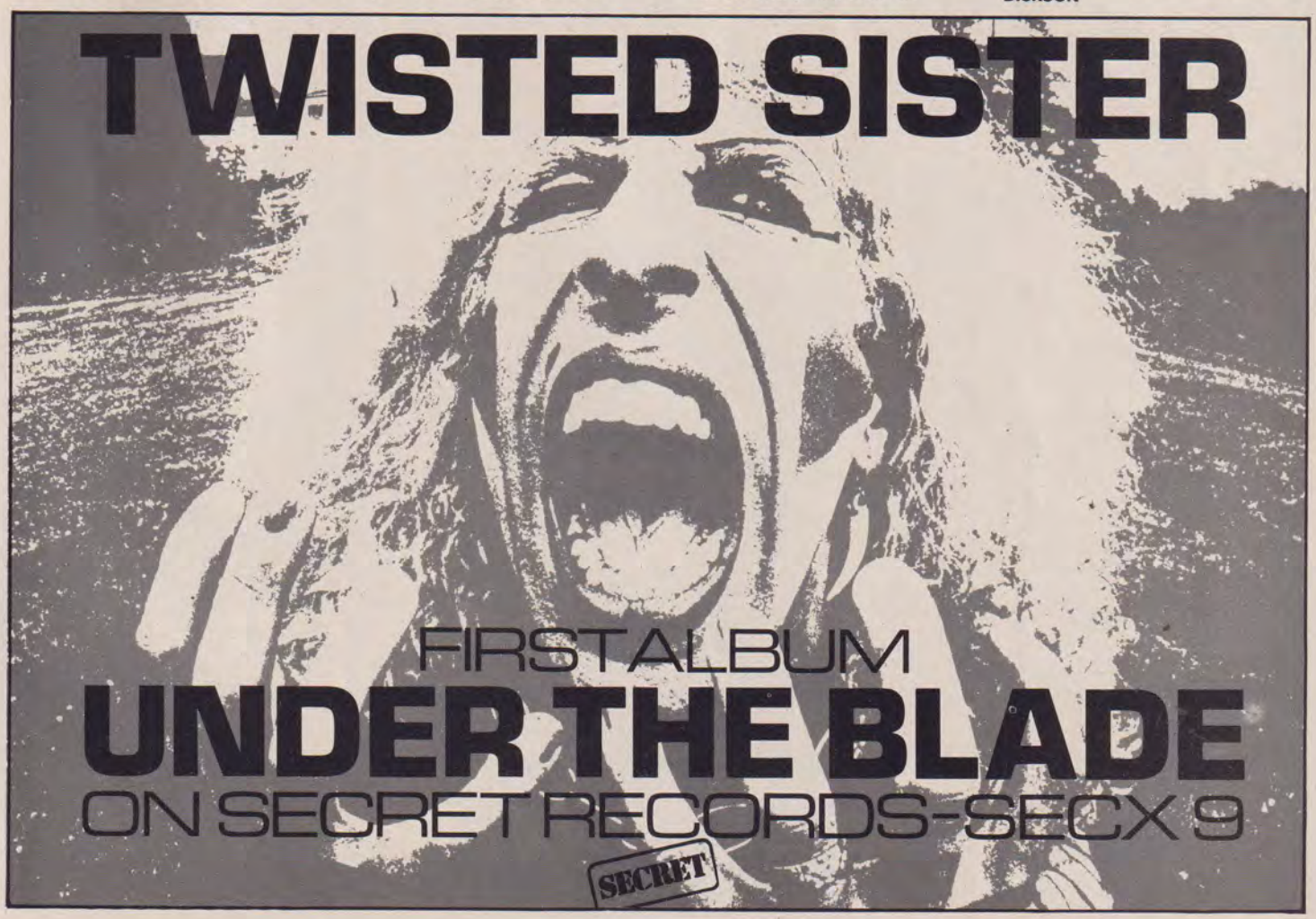
But complaints are minimal, the energy staggering. The Blackhearts have rock'n'roll in their blood and are an experience to be shared. **DAVE DICKSON**

THE DAMNED
Top Rank Suite, Brighton

HM has always been built on aggression, power and communication, and The Damned have all three. The context in which they perform is pure punk; ignore that, it's largely irrelevant. Listen to Captain Sensible's guitar breaks, fast, hard, screeching, plenty of wah-wah; to Rat Scabies' drumming, the power is lethal, thumping like a jack-boot to the temple (he even does a solo! Did you ever hear of a punk band delving that far into Metal territory?) The punk credibility is lent by Vanian's vocals, but surely we can allow them that much?

This is theatre; entertainment with such close ties to HM it's a wonder we've overlooked them so long. Vanian comes clad in a Catholic priest's cassock and dacning in attendance are three singing nuns, their habits augmented by bullet belts and fish-net stockings. This is fun; Sensible's attempts to tune his guitar end with him shouting disdainfully at the audience "That's good enough for you lot!" And later, when a plastic beer glass strikes him he picks it up, peers into the crowd, selects his victim and hurls it back! "I'm a peace-loving individual, maan," he quips, fingers raised in a time-honoured Ozzy V-sign.

Much of the material, I confess, was unfamiliar but I did recognise 'Smash It Up', a long, moody version of 'Curtain Call' and 'I Just Can't Be Happy Today' amongst others. Their riffs come straight from the 60's, the delivery from the manic days of '77 but the content is so, so close to the NWOBHM. Give them a break. I defy anyone with an open mind not to be captivated, or at the very least intrigued by their anarchic humour. Punk? certainly. HM? Why no? Let's note close our eyes to something because someone tells us it's not what we should be listening to. F- 'em, I know The Damned would! **DAVE DICKSON**



KOMMUNICATION

Say it loud to Kommunication, Kerrang!, 40 Long Acre, London WC2

IT IS out of utter desperation that I write this letter to you. I had flown down to London from Bahrain to see/meet MSG at the Reading Festival. I really enjoyed the event, especially the great performances put up by Y & T and MSG, but what I'd like to bring to your notice is that I gave up my job and all my savings in the hope of meeting Michael Schenker but the security guy just wouldn't let me in. So now I'm broke, jobless and disappointed.

Anyway, I hope to get a job soon and hope I can make it next year to see and meet Schenker. Perhaps you guys at *Kerrang!* can help. Also I'd like to thank everybody at the Reading Festival for being helpful especially Rick Bass, Wick and three other guys and Graham Bonnet for not doing the show simply because he's not up to Barden's standard. Please do print my letter 'cause I hope the security guy who kept me from meeting Schenker gets to know how disappointed I am. Thanks, Cheers! — **Alan, Manama, Bahrain.**

KONGRATULATIONS ON the best yet. I have just put down *Kerrang!* No 26 and I'm amazed. Yes, the standard has been raised. I'm afraid that I was getting used to the typical *Kerrang!* set up — Iron Maiden, AC/DC and shock horror statements that never led to anything. Klassic Kuts that were only 5 minutes old ('Eye of the Tiger', etc) and Guitar Heroes that didn't even know what a guitar was when the true virtuosos were playing.

But now, before my very eyes, you bring out classic interviews and write-ups that beat anything before published. The Tommy Bolin story was by far the best thing ever published in *Kerrang!* The story of the great guitarist's rise and fall left me greatly moved, and you backed it up with a great Rush interview. The Runaways story was also a fine piece of literacy. You see, you can do it. You can recognise an interesting story on great bands and people other than the Rods and Diamond Shit (sorry Head) when you see them.

Anyway, if you keep up the standard of No 26, I shall definitely be buying your mag forever more. — **God of Thunder, Pinner.**

HAVING JUST returned from a Wishbone Ash concert, 4 October, at Southampton Guildhall, we felt we had to write to you,
(a) to thank the group once again, and
(b) to inform other readers what an excellent group Wishbone Ash still are.

The group appeared on stage at 9 pm, telling the audience that they intended to give "good value for money". This they certainly did, the tickets being only £3.50. They managed to present a two hour show using effective lighting and a good backdrop. Even the new tracks went down extremely well, as did old classics such as Phoenix, Blowing Free and King Will Come. We were at the very front and could tell that all members of the band were thoroughly enjoying themselves, having jokes with the crowd as well as each other.

After the concert, which finished at 11 pm, a group of us had to wait only about 20 minutes before a roadie asked us to "follow him for autographs". We were led into the group's dressing room and met with a friendly reception. All four members of Wishbone Ash were quite willing to talk to us, sign autographs, and pose for photos. (We even spent some time talking to Andy Powell about *Kerrang!*). We left the band at about 12 pm after a really enjoyable evening.

It's a shame that newer, less talented bands don't take the same approach, for as Andy Powell said; "It's our fans that count".

Thanks again Wishbone Ash for being genuinely interested in us. We'll see you again in the New Year! — **Diamond Jack and Persephone!**

IN KERRANG! No 26 I was pleased to see a letter with regard to ELP, let alone the photo (mind blowin'), even though it was b & w and not totally original. I am, however, a little distressed.

Each week your mag features groups which can only be described as human waste. The crud which they turn out is nothing but a loud, repetitious banging noise, and yet they still appear. I'm referring to pop groups like Saxon (cor!), Motor'ed (wow!), Krokus (bunch of toads) and Tytan (God help me), to name just a few. I could produce a more amusing racket, banging a *Quality Street* tin and twanging an elastic band. I'm not saying that all HM music or HM bands are bad, just 90 per cent of them. So, do you think that you could spare a few sides on the ELP story or would that be too exciting to have in what is basically an informative and resonable mag (I must say that all of your Rush, Led Zep and other material on such pioneering bands is good stuff).

I hope you will bear in mind that there are still a few trillion ELP crazies around who wouldn't mind knowing a little of their past, present and future plans.

I suppose it's inevitable that some mean seven-year-old rocker/'ead banger/bouncer will write some abuse, but see if I care. ELP and other progressive bands are abused too often, so I thought it was my turn to stand by what I believe in — damn good music. — **The Pirate and Big Kid Josie, disciples of ELP, The Nice and others, Birmingham.**

EVERY MONTH I eagerly buy my copy of *KKRANNGGGSPRONK* and I'm well pleased with it too. I use it to paper my bedroom wall and it's coming along luvly.

I've got a major complaint though, not only did you commit the mortal sin of leaving the best guitarist since Jimi Hendrix out of your *Guitar Heroes* book, but you haven't printed a colour picture of him since issue 1.

I'm talking about the one and only, the undisputed master of the powerchord, the almighty king of *Kerrang*, the float-like-a-butterfly-sting-like-a-swarm-of-hornets, the mega God of the telecaster, the best, the brilliant Mr Steve Zodiac.

You print pictures of everybody else, I'm sick of the sight of ugly, spotty old dinosaurs like Lemmy. I shouldn't have to beg you surely, for a colour picture of the 'Zod' in all his glory? Tremble in your smelly socks oh non-believers, for the millenium of the 'Zod' is fast upon us and the mighty powerchord shall resound throughout the land and shall lay yer heathen temples to waste and shall blast yer cruddy albums off yer turntables and the faithfull shall rejoice and bang their heads.—**Ian 'Zod is God' Coleman, Chelsea.**



Pics by Fin Costello

SINCE THE one and only Ozzy Osbourne erased his famous locks you all seem to be criticising and saying that you won't follow him anymore. I'm not exactly over the moon myself about his new gleaming head, but I wouldn't drop him from my ratings. After all he has been on the rock scene for about 15 years. In that time he has sung on some of the best vinyl pieces ever to be released by the Sab's and chalked up some excellent tracks with his new band and will continue to do so I'm sure. After reading this letter, anyone who still thinks they should drop the Ozz from their good books must be in this scene for the image only. Thus meaning that you are branded with the name Poser. Long live Ozzy! — **Walsall Fan.**

BEING AN American, I have something to say about Bruce Dickinson's comments on America in *Kerrang!* No 25 — AMEN! The man is right!!

The music scene (?) here is total shit! Great bands like Whitesnake and Gillan are nowhere to be heard amidst the John Cougar and Go-Go's crap played on the radio. Maiden have obviously worked very hard to get the recognition they have now — which isn't really all that much compared to bands like REO and Cougar who are shoved down our throats.

Even worse is the club scene here. You go to a top rock club and hear three sets of copy music! Being in a band myself, I can say its frustrating to see people walk away from the stage when an original tune is played. Lack of innovation is an understatement! And to think people wonder why all the good bands come from England!!

On the other hand, what does Mr Dickinson expect rock starved headbangers to say when he asks "anybody wanna rock'n'roll?" I doubt very much that your British people say "no". But anyway he's 99 per cent correct in his statements. Just ask the Rods, or Anvil or Y & T or ask me, a very dedicated headbanger who has to put up with this conformist hell-hole we call the "land of opportunity".

I'd like to let Uncle Sam loose in a cage with Eddie, or better yet . . . Cronos! Bruce, all I can say is keep it up and one day maybe we'll listen (well I do anyway!) — **A frustrated American Headbanger, NY, USA.**



SPY FIDELITY

RECENTLY lodged at number one in the particularly tasteful *Kerrang!* import charts, Spys still find themselves without a UK release, although the pressure is surely mounting on Capitol over here to give the band a break. Their credentials are laudable after all—not one but *two* former Foreigners in the line up! It seems the American airwaves have taken a firm liking to the band already, and it's from that basis of support that they're aiming to break out as a live act shortly. They've got their spying eyes on Britain already though, considerably enthused by the import chart rating they've received over here, and were almost embarrassingly excited to be conducting a phone interview with yours truly for the edification of *Kerrang's* multi-million audience, and actually concluded affairs with a plea that I deliver a special thanks to the kids 'for their support'. Consider yourselves thanked by messrs Gagliardi and Greenwood, *mes enfants*—take a bow and picket Capitol Records; albums this good (see the recent ravings of Howard Johnson) should not be kept a secret!

"This is our first international interview," Ed bubbled over a characteristically naff transatlantic line from New York, "so we're real excited. I know the album's not released over there, the record company just seem to be waiting for something to happen, but we're really keen to get things going in Britain.

"Things are going real nice over here now, the record's getting played a lot on the radio. What we're really lacking is a tour, but we're putting that right. We'll be opening soon for .38 Special and then the agency's working on a plan for us to hook up with Rush some time in November. We've *got* to get out and play, because thanks to the radio the kids are hearing the record all the time. 'Don't Run My Life', 'Danger' and 'Into The Night' are really getting a lot of plays".

And I should hope so too! Despite the potential for an overbearing Foreigner influence (read on for more on Ed and Al's post-Foreigner thoughts) Spys actually have a distinctly original sound, immensely powerful and sparkling with energy without drifting too close to any of the US megabands who seem to be turning into both yardsticks *and* blueprints. Ed bubbled even more when I commented how welcome it was to hear a new US band *not* trying to sound like Journey . . .

"Sure, people expect Al and myself to come out sounding like Journey or REO Speedwagon, or the Foreigner boys maybe, but when I put the band together—before Al left Foreigner—that wasn't what I wanted".

The band's original core was Ed Gagliardi, John Blanco and John DiGaudio, all old friends who had worked together on demo's and the like, only Ed having any big band experience. A studio knockabout revealed that things were gelling and drummer Billy Milne was promptly recruited from the Billy Falcon Band (an unlikely source not exactly untainted by new wave, albeit the sanitised North American version).

"And then I got a call from Al. He said 'are you sitting down? Guess what—I just left Foreigner!' I just said 'can we have dinner tonight?', and we went to this Japanese restaurant on Long Island and we were knocking back zombies and sake all night—by the end we were virtually on the floor. Then we stopped at a bar on the way home and had some more—Al was so drunk that he fell over a bar stool and couldn't get up. 'Ed, help me up!' 'Only if you join my band'. 'I'll do *anything*, just get me off the floor!' I knew the owner of the place and he let us sleep where we were across the bar, and in the morning I'm saying 'C'mon Al, we have a rehearsal in a few hours' and he couldn't remember *any* of it!"

However the memory cells were successfully rejuvenated, and Al Greenwood recruited as a Spy. Having two former members of a band of the magnitude of Foreigner in the line up didn't overpower the new concept though:

"When we were in Foreigner together Al and I discovered that we had a common interest in what you might call progressive rock. We found out that we'd been sitting only rows apart at shows like Genesis and The Strawbs (oops, there goes their credibility!) and we decided that we'd maybe like to try something after Foreigner".

One wonders just how much the lyrics to 'Don't Run My Life' might relate to a situation where two members of a multi-million selling band like Foreigner are talking about '*after* Foreigner', but conjecture aside Al was keen to stress his new-found enthusiasm with Spys.

"This is much more what I had in mind at the beginning. I get a lot more out of it, and it's good to find more of my ideas getting put into practice; I've got so much more confidence now. Spys is actually a part of me instead of just a band that I'm in. Each one of us is really excited by what we're doing and that's the main thing, to enjoy what you're doing".

The outcome of all the excitement was, of course, their excellent debut album. Ed's happy to enthuse about it at length, with little trace of the apologetic 'the next one will be much better' attitude that can deflate fans who think they've found a great album. Spys are proud of their debut; Ed continued to bubble:

"We all have our own specialities and Spys draws on them. Like Al's got a little Apple computer that he used on 'Into The Night' and a couple of other tracks, and we really used 'the magic of the studio' on 'Danger'—there's 106 voices on it! John Blanco's a former choirboy and he's really strong on vocal arrangements' that's *his* speciality. Capitalising on everybody's strengths is the mainstay of this band".

The acid test of live work is just around the corner for the band, and the former Foreigners are looking forward to their dates from a slightly unusual angle:

"It's like a real soul-cleansing process to get out of the arenas and back into smaller stadiums," Ed reckoned. Not that Rush are likely to be playing particularly intimate auditoriums; it's going to be a significant step *up* for the rest of the band in terms of audience size. Ed and Al don't want things to get out of hand—they prefer to operate slowly and surely, doing it all again but doing it the way they choose this time.

With Capitol here having devoted so much of their time and effort to Manowar, and understandably so in view of their excellent prospects for UK success, only to have them summarily dropped by the American parent company, Spys haven't enjoyed much attention so far, and the prospects of a tour are currently thin. Nevertheless the band do hope to visit Britain soon.

PAUL SUTER

KLASSIFIEDS

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M A R I L L I O N

from page 9

six years or so, but Marillion have held a firm conviction since they began that a resurgence would come eventually.

Kelly, on this occassion the most enthusiastically talkative, explains: "The bands of our style that are about they've all been going for years and years, they were formed on the tail end of the '70-'76 rock thing, so they were kept completely underground by the punk thing and what's followed."

Rest assured these bands do exist—Pallas, Twelfth Night, Solstice, Guizerjal and Pendragon to name but a handful.

Fish, in eloquent Scottish tongue: "What's happened is that there were a lot of bands putting together good material, that just became totally disillusioned. They found they weren't getting the exposure needed to get people to gigs. We'd found that by July 1981, so we employed a PR guy, Keith Goodwin, to get our name in the papers, make sure we were always in the gig guide, and *that* way we got journalists, radio stations interested. It built from that, but we've got to remember that it's still mainly down to the people that follow us.

"There is no fashion attached to our music, an' that upsets a lot of people, because every music trend that's occurred over the last few years, a fashion has gone hand in hand."

"I think we could be the renaissance group to lead a sort of awareness thing. We *are* breaking down the traditional barriers—I listen to Teardrop Explodes therefore I must hate Genesis, I like Judas Priest therefore I must hate Dire Straits. If we were to do a European tour in January, we could support any of those and score off every one. If music is good it should stand up for being good, not for what the singer's wearing."

So these brave crusaders boldly rebuke the money-go-round world of fads. Hoever they still recognise how lucky the timing of their rise could be, as a generation of youths musical tastes make their . . . progression.

Pointer: "Punk rock was a conscious effort on the part of the bands against all society, against bureaucracy. But what happens when people have said ok, we accept your statements. Then what . . .?"

Kelly completes the chain: "Then they keep churning out rubbish. You can do it from the point of view of the media, but not from the record sales angle. People can't keep listening to it. So then you had the new romantic and heavy metal things following on from that.

"But people are getting tired of heavy metal, and bands like Duran Duran are getting more and more technical and clever, but they haven't got the rawness, the energy of the punk thing, or anything to say. People are willing to listen to more interesting music now. We're not music that takes your fancy for five minutes and play it while it's in the charts then forget about it."

"We all learned a lot from what happened in '77," Fish confirms, "because although the musical ability wasn't there, it was the feeling and aggression that was winning people over. We've got that, and we've got energy and pure emotion, which Genesis had but doesn't have now. It's just the total honesty that it was delivered in, the feel they managed to translate through the music.

"Our lyrics are miles apart from Genesis. Their's were an upmarket decoration, but just a decoration, they were airy-fairy. Which isn't knocking them because we really love that band, it was just their style. We deal with reality, Genisis didn't in a large percentage of songs. The lyrics in this band make as much of a statement as the music."

They do, It would be no exaggeration to say that Fish is among the few really talented lyricists to emerge for years.

Many of his words are depressing ("people enjoy a certain kind of sadness as much as being happy") or cynical, and most play on "a certain morbid interest people have in other people's lives, like why Coronation Street is so popular."

Many songs are also "anti exorcism" Fish's own purposes, anonymous recitals of personal experiences. All are intended as "a window" through which other people's problems can be observed, hopefully with a little thought being provoked.

Alas, neither time nor space will allow us to chronicle his language in any more detail. I can only advise you to grab an earful of their current EMI EP with 'Market Square Heroes', 'Three Boats Down From The Candy', and 'Grendle' on—nearly half an hour in total—but make a special point of seeing them live, hardly a sole soul has regretted it yet.

What next . . . the return of the Supergroup?!?!

Never know!

PHILIP BELL

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HATCHET JOB!

... the facts behind the charts. By LUKE CRAMPTON

■ Straight in atop the *Kerrang!* singles chart is **Free's** evergreen 'All Right Now', currently available as a 12" picture disc.

Destined to hit the national chart yet again, it reached number 2 in June 1970 (with an incredible four month stay on the chart), re-entered for the first time in July 1973 peaking at number 15 (staying for nine weeks) and then reappeared yet again as the main cut on 'The Free E.P.' (also containing the perennial 'My Brother Jake' and 'Wishing Well') in February 1978, reaching number 11 and accumulating a further seven chart weeks.

Although they released eight other British singles, not all of them charted. Here is a breakdown of their most successful singles with the least popular 'non-chart' releases asterisked:

1) ALL RIGHT NOW	JUNE 1970
2) BY BROTHER JAKE	MAY 1971
3) WISHING WELL	JAN 1973
4) LITTLE BIT OF LOVE	JUN 1972
5) TRAVELLIN' IN STYLE	MAR 1973*
6) THE HUNTER	NOV 1976*
7) THE STEALER	NOV 1970*
8) I'LL BE CREEPIN'	NOV 1969*
9) BROAD DAYLIGHT	JUL 1969*

Paul Rodgers and Simon Kirke, two founder members of both Free and that group's most successful splinter band – **Bad Company** – have experienced similar inconsistent chart success with the latter enterprise. Their only hit singles, again in order of success, have been:

1) CAN'T GET ENOUGH	JUN 1974
2) FEEL LIKE MAKIN' LOVE	AUG 1975
3) GOOD LOVIN' GONE BAD	MAR 1975

SURVIVOR: two albums



The other main splinter band from Free, formed as **Back Street Crawler** in April 1975, and changing to just Crawler in April 1976, experienced much critical acclaim but little commercial success. This must have been largely due to the death in March 1976 of another Free original member, the legendary Paul Kossoff who originated the idea of Crawler through the title of his first solo album 'Back Street Crawler' (ILPS 92264, December 1973). His Crawler contributions amount to their first two LPs: 'The Band Plays On' (Atlantic K50173) and 'Second Avenue' (Atlantic K50267). Post Kossoff Crawler albums, which feature the very able Rabbit throughout are: 'Crawler' (Epic EPC 82083) and 'Shake Rattle And Roll' (Epic EPC 82965).

■ Many of you seem interested to know about other album material from **Survivor.** The only other LP that the American band have released is the self-titled 'Survivor' issued in 1979 on Scotti Brothers (SB 50698) which should be available now as a re-release through CBS. With 'American Heartbeat' steadily climbing the *Kerrang!* singles and national charts, you may be pleased to know that a third Survivor album is due in spring 1983. My thanks to S. Mills of Watford and R. Cook from Victoria, Australia who are amongst the many wanting to know about Survivor.

KILOWATT!

The page that gets into gear

Kenney Jones first took up the drums because he couldn't get hold of a banjo. Now, after a career that spans twenty one years and the Small Faces, The Faces and most recently the Who, he tells Chas de Whalley to . . .

SAY IT AS YOU PLAY IT!

"IN A BAND like the Who the perfect drum sound doesn't always work. That's because I need a real cutting, sometimes ringing snare to cut through that wall of sound. The Who are a pretty loud band, even now, so it takes quite a lot to differentiate my bass drum, let's say, from John's bass guitar. But it's worth it because as far as I'm concerned there's no point in playing at all if you can't be heard properly.

"I've played all sorts of kits in my time. I started with Olympic back in the Sixties with the Small Faces and since then I've been through Ludwigs and Premier. At the moment I'm playing Premier but I've grown dissatisfied with them recently and I'm on the prowl for something else. Yamaha are impressive and they've been using my name in Japan for quite a long time. I suppose it's all down to whether we can make the right sort of deal.

"I must admit I'm not one of those drummers who walks around with measurements in my head, so I can't tell you exactly what size drums I play. I know my bass drum is a 21" – because I always seem to go for odd sizes – and it's two inches longer than most because that little bit extra gives a little more poke, the note lasts a little longer without losing the bottom in the sound.

"As for snares though, I've collected all sorts of different ones over the years and they're all different diameters and depths. Which I use depends entirely on how I feel at the time and which one sounds the best at the time. They can be very unpredictable, you see. Just changing a skin can alter the sound completely. You can have a favourite drum and change the skin on it four or five times and it'll be fine. Then you change it a sixth time and no matter what you do you can't get it to sound the way it did before! When that happens I just swap the drum for another and have done with it. I'm not that choosy because I believe you can get a good sound out of virtually any snare as long as you're prepared to work on it, mike it up properly and dampen it properly too.

"I don't have very many mikes on my kit anyway. I think drum sounds generally have gone down the pan over the last ten years or so. Studio technology got so sophisticated that rather than go for a good old raunchy overall drum sound engineers began to hear every little squeak of a pedal and rattle of a snare. You'd end up adjusting things so much you adjusted all the balls out of it and playing the kit felt like tapping a table.

"Good beefy drum sounds seem to be on the way back, thank goodness. That Survivor single 'Eye Of The Tiger' had the best sound I've heard in ages. I only need three overhead mikes these days. And one actually inside the bass drum on a cradle with the front skin put back on afterwards. It's totally enclosed and it sounds amazing.

"It was all our producer Glyn Johns' idea. I've worked with him on and off since the Small Faces and he's always gone for overheads rather than close-miking. When he suggested we try the same arrangement live I think we all had our doubts because we were worried about leakage. But it worked very well in the end. The only real problem I found was that the overheads got in the way and I couldn't see the audience properly and they couldn't see me too well either.

"I did have other microphones set up of course. On the snare and the high hat. But they were really to feed the monitoring system rather than the house PA. And even then they were only there as a back-up system in case everybody decided to play incredibly loud.

"But as a band we're not quite as volume conscious as we were and it's made everthing just that little bit easier. I think it got to the stage where there'd been so many technological breakthroughs that the gear ran away with the sound. But now we've gone back a peg or two and adopted a simpler approach. Pete's cut his gear in half, so's John and I've shed a few tom toms too.

"I still have a pretty sophisticated monitoring system though. I designed it with the Who's sound expert Bob Pridden. It has JBL speakers throughout so they handle the bottom end of the sound really effectively. Some people will tell you that volume is the key to monitoring but they're wrong. You only need to turn up if you're not hearing the true sound of your drums. You're not hearing the tone and the depth so it's not inspiring or exciting you. But I reckon my system gives me as faithful a sound as it's possible to get. So I can often afford actually to turn it down a little.

"Over the years I've come up with all sorts of ideas for drum designs. Either by myself or with my drum roadie Bill Harrison. Things like fittings and stands and so on. But the manufacturers over here never seemed too keen to develop any of them and put them into production. Over the last couple of years though the Japanese have really cornered the market by understanding what drummers want and then building it. But there are a few innovations left.

"Like syn-drums. I hate them myself. I think there's nothing to beat the variety of sound you can get out of a real drum for a start while syn drums feel like you're playing practice pads – and I've never liked them either. But now you can get them triggered by a microphone who's to stop you miking up some of your drums and connecting them to a synthesizer via a footpedal so you could switch them in and out during a fill or a roll or something? And if you could tune the synthesizer so it sounded like a big bass drum or a kettle drum instead of that poofy ping pong sound they usually have – that could be very effective too. Or else you could voice-activate them and say what you wanted to play. There'd be no excuse for missing a beat, would there?

"Then again I think you learn through your mistakes. I'm sure I do. I'll try something which doesn't quite come off the way I wanted it but the rest of the band will say 'That's great. Do it again'. So I'll go back, see how it works and then have a go at taking it one step further.

"But I'm always looking and searching anyway – which is something I don't think too many young players do these days. They buy a drumkit or a guitar because they want to be like so and so. They think if they get the same instrument he plays and then learn his licks they're on the right track. But they're not really. They don't end up with any style or direction of their own.

"When I first started in the Sixties there was nothing to live up to and very few people to copy.

"And I'm glad it was like that because it meant I had to reach down inside myself and see if there was any geniune talent there. I really enjoyed practising too because it was all a process of discovery and breakthrough and heartache when I couldn't get something right and exhilaration when I could finally manage it. All those sort of emotions rolled into one.

"That's how you learn what 'feel' is and that's something you can't buy in Woolworths. I keep telling my eldest son Dylan, who's ten, that. How 'feel' and emotion are very important parts of being a musician. And I think the message is getting through. But so many youngsters these days don't realise it. All they want to do is play the part and then think that's enough."



KENNEY JONES and son Dylan, 10.

"I was the victim of a Wrathchild glambang'

IN ALL my days of rock 'n' roll lunacy I've never witnessed a scene as totally OTT as the day Wrathchild entered the hallowed portals of the *Kerrang!* empire.

Picture the scene if you will. Messers Bonutto, Banks and Johnson are hard at work, attempting to conjour up more *hors d'oeuvres* of literary genius, on this particular day gaining inspiration from that doyen of literary culture, Anvil's Lips, when WHAMMO! A sonic boom, loud enough to render the earholes of the most ardent bass-bin banger senseless, erupts as if from nowhere. A Covent Garden bomb? The infamous steam-driven *Kerrang!* typewriter in its final death throes? Not at all!

The noise continues unabated and slowly begins to take some uncanny form. From the far end of the room it pounds inexorably towards me and suddenly all is clear:

'Hey, you, what ya gonna do?/ Now I'm back with the boys again.' My God it's enough to warm the cockles of an ancient glam man's heart, and then . . . THEY hit me!

Lipstick 'n' blusher, satin 'n' spandex, poutin' 'n' posin' for all they're worth, one of the grotesquely tall figures in front of me utters the immortal words: "We are the mighty Wrathchild!" . . . and all this is taking place in an ordinary, run o' the mill office!

Now don't think for a minute that I was blissfully bowled over by the drama of it all. My glam romance certainly possesses defineable limits, for quite frankly, Wrathchild look plain ridiculous! Given the correct props (namely 20,000 screaming fanlets and a full-blown overboard stageshow) the whole affair would have taken on a superhuman, *plus que realiste* connotation. But here?!? Naked lights, 'plain' clothed people and a touch of normality tended to render Wrathchild's four revellers, Rocky Shades (vocals), Marc Angel (bass), Lance Rocket (guitar) and Eddie Starr (drums) rather puerile.

On the other hand, as some wise old soul remarked when the band (or is it merely a fantasy image of four superheroes?) had left, at least they had the courage of their convictions. They went the whole way, with their *Vino Collapso (variete el cheapo)* and spray-on coloured string and induced the 'party' atmosphere which any self-respecting glam troupe aims for.

"We want people to join in with the songs, borrow their sister's make-up and daub it on, get hold of some stack heels, grab some spandex and enjoy themselves. Do the things you're not usually allowed to do!" These are the words of drummer Eddie and the ones that come closest to summing up the Wrathchild approach.



pic by George Bodnar

— shock report by Kerrang man HOWARD JOHNSON (above)

"We're not trying to copy US bands, but no UK band has ever dared to go completely over the top. It's always acceptable for an American band but not for a British one and we don't see why. We won't be worried if our records don't get to number one in the US charts or if we don't sell X number of platinum albums – we want to make it known that we're a British glam band." So speaks vocalist Rocky, the one who adopts the phoney Americano accent while on stage (snigger). I ask him why. . . .

"It's simply that my ideas are American from start to finish. I've got an American brain built in a UK body." Now I hope you're still taking all this seriously, but are Wrathchild, God forbid?

"It's not a joke," claims bassist Marc, "but a lot of what we do is tongue-in-cheek. We enjoy being sexist, insulting everybody, brandishing all the whips and flaming axes etc. If we'd done everything that we want to, we would've been arrested long ago! Our aim is to have a good time and please everybody and one of the best ways of grabbing attention is to shock people and make 'em sit up. We've had to fight our way through a lot of bum venues to get noticed."

Which is all very well, but don't the foursome feel a teeny trifle ridiculous hailing from exotic Evesham and looking like extras from a Mr Sheen ad?

"Definitely not," claims spokesman Rocky with a hint of venom peeking through the Mary Quant. "Look, we're all insane, sick and perverted and we stood out like sore thumbs in our previous bands. We took our own original ideas and put them into the Wrathchild format. We decided it was time to get up off our asses and have a good party. We certainly ain't jumping on the glam rock bandwagon – we front it, except that we haven't been able to prove it because of the early problems we had in getting the band together.

"What's more, we pay a lot of attention to the music. We're prepared to put in the hard slog, it isn't all fun, and we're different from other glam bands in that we don't lean towards the Glitter and Sweet end of the spectrum."

Is that why Wrathchild cover Glitter's 'Doing Alright With The Boys'? Lance is undeterred:

It all makes you wonder why Wrathchild haven't yet managed to secure a major contract with their marvellous music and image. Why have the majors been slow off the mark?:

"We've had mild interest but nothing definite, because no-one will commit themselves. The companies don't react to a UK band of this nature in the same way they would to a US one. We storm into their offices, break down the doors and set off flash-bombs in order to get our demo heard, but it always ends up with the receptionist calling the police!"

The first Wrathchild release will appear this month in the form of a glamorous 12" EP, featuring 'Lipstick Killers', 'Trash Queen', 'Macho Strut' or 'Rock The City Down' and 'Teenage Revolution'. It will appear on the Stoke-based Neon label and may well be produced by Andy Scott of Sweet.

"We're acting out other people's fantasies because they haven't got the nerve to do it themselves. To go on stage in jeans and T-shirts would be so boring – it would just look pathetic. We've been laughed at, but now people laugh with us. We've been canned but have always had some kind of reaction. I remember a gig that was attended by six people (snigger) but we performed the same show to them as we did to 1,000 in Warwick, just going out and letting loose.

"Our new stage show will come in next year and it's truly phenomenal. Wait till you see my new stage clothes – I've spent a year sewing on the sequins. Remember, if you're into what you're doing you won't be embarrassed! After all, I came down on the bus like this!"

There speaks a born star!

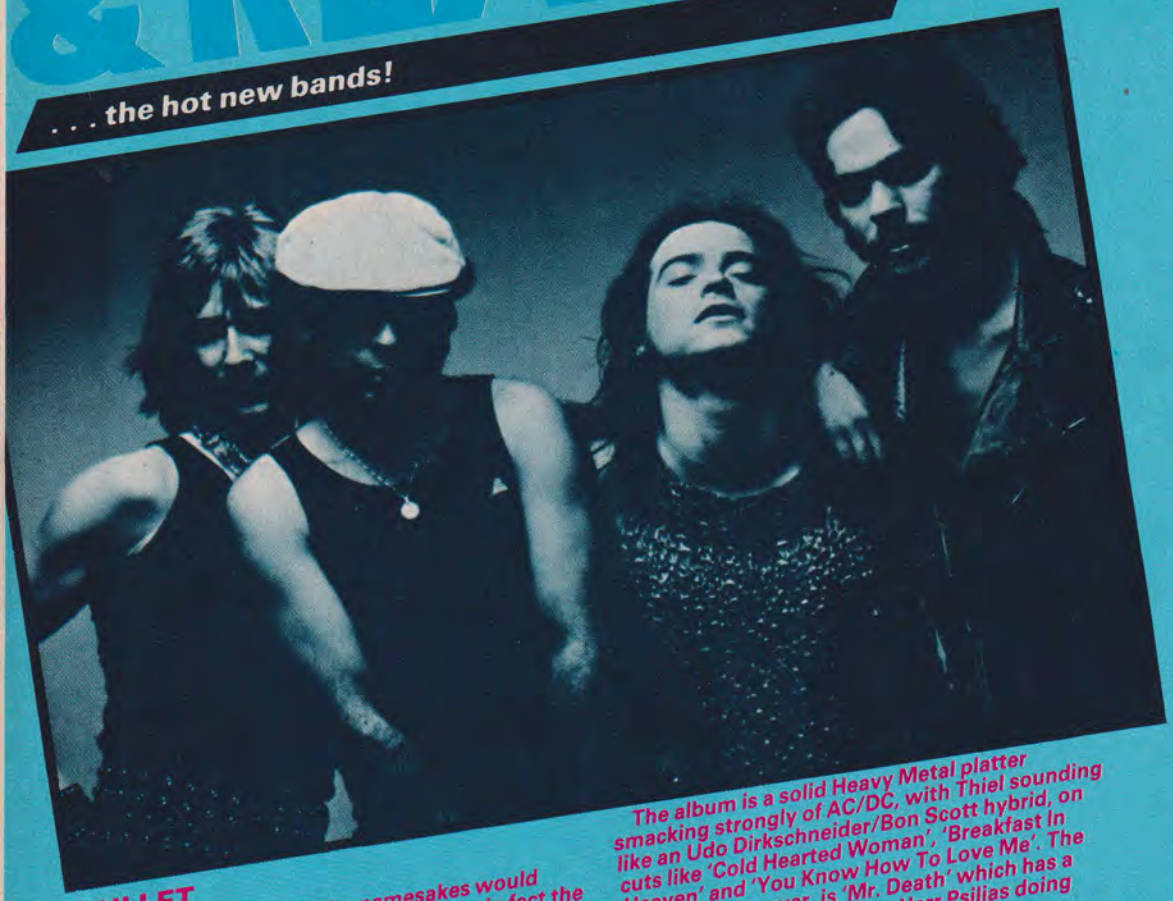
WRATHCHILD

pic by George Bodnar



ARMED & READY

. . . the hot new bands!



BULLET

BULLET, as their mail order namesakes would have us believe, are 'Dutch Blasters' but in fact the band is a mighty powerful German four-piece. Formed in 1978, they initially went under the banner of Teaser until told of other outfits of that name.

The band hails from the Westphalia area and comprises Paul Psilias (lead guitar), Klaus Thiel (guitar, vocals), Volker Pechtold (bass) and Mike Lichtenberg (drums). In January 1981 the infamous Dieter Dierks heard Bullet's demo then went on to produce their excellent debut LP 'Execution', released in April this year on the German Polydor label (home of another Dierks credit, Revolver.)

The album is a solid Heavy Metal platter smacking strongly of AC/DC, with Thiel sounding like an Udo Dirkschneider/Bon Scott hybrid, on cuts like 'Cold Hearted Woman', 'Breakfast In Heaven' and 'You Know How To Love Me'. The killer cut, however, is 'Mr. Death' which has a Godz-like rhythm and sees Herr Psilias doing amazing things on his Ibanez.

Bullet have toured with Saxon and Iron Maiden on the continent and have also opened for Queen in Germany.

At present, they're negotiating deals for the release of 'Execution' in Britain and America. For more info write to: Bullet, c/o White Lightning, 68 Bedford Road, Horsham, West Sussex.

DAVE REYNOLDS



STRATEGY

STRATEGY are two guys from Evesham who, together in the studio, have produced an instrumental masterpiece of epic proportions. Both lads are 20 years old and have been in various local bands. Dave Cook plays lead, acoustic and bass guitar and Ron Emms plays drums and percussion.

Their newly released independent single on Ebony records is the result of much hard work in the studio. The two songs were recorded in seperate places, the B-side, 'Astral Planes', at Stuff Studios in Worcester on an eight track set-up in May '82 and the A-side, 'Technical Overflow', recorded in June of this year at Ebony's own 24-track facility in Hull. Six separate guitar tracks were used along with a battery of FX pedals to get the desired sounds.

'Technical Overflow' is destined to become a classic – a Bostonesque guitar-orientated workout with a lead hook guaranteed to embed itself in the brain. It's available for £1 (inc. p&p believe it or not) from (all cheques and P.O.'s payable to) – Ron Emms, 103 Green Hill, Evesham, Worcestershire.

WAYNE PERKINS

MEAN ARENA

THIS MEAN and moody band of men (or, if you prefer, right bunch of posers) are Loughborough-based rockers Mean Arena (right). The band was formed in mid '81 after the break up of three local bands and since then they've been gigging regularly around the East Midlands building up a small but loyal following.

The band are: Steve Hawkins (vocals), Sly John Murphy (guitar), Marc Stackhouse (guitar), Sharky Holahan (bass) and Beezer Bee (drums) and they play "Our own brand of high-tensile Heavy Metal retaining plenty of light and shade throughout the set."

So far, they've released two demo tapes, the latter, a two-track affair featuring 'Loud And Dirty' and 'Twenty Four Hours', gaining record company interest, so I'm told. If you're interested then send £1.25 to Way Ahead Records, 2 Hurts yard, Nottingham and they'll send you a copy by return post.

The band have just completed a session for Jaye Cooper on Center Radio in Leicester which they say has helped them no end through the interest it's created. And more recently they've been asked to do a sound check at Nottingham's new Festival Hall for Michael Schenker as the latter's band is the first Heavy Metal act to play the hall and they've no idea what the acoustics are like. So Mean Arena get to rehearse for an hour or so in this big new venue . . . can't be bad.

MIKE SMITH



FIST OF FURY



Pic by David Wood

Newcastle's punchy pugilists talk tough to HOWARD JOHNSON

FIST'S two albums 'Turn The Hell On' and 'Back With A Vengeance' didn't do much for me but after meeting Harry 'Hiroshima' Hill and Dave Irwin in the BBC's Maida Vale Studio's canteen, where Fist were recording their latest Tommy Vance session, I am a changed man.

No, the albums haven't improved but a soft spot has developed within me for the band, mainly around the rib cage, for Dave and Harry are always ready with quick quips about their past exploits (read disasters!) and each one is enhanced by the strong Geordie lilt which alone is enough to have you in stitches.

Things have never run smoothly for the band but they still face the future with confidence; according to Harry: "We learn from our mistakes, 'cos if there's one to be made, then we'll make it! Situation normal for Fist. When we went on the road with UFO in January '81 we thought we'd be real clever so we bought a huge tour bus to house both us and our gear believing we'd save a packet on hotel bills. It was terrible in practice – freezing!

"We each had six coats on and it was bloody terrible. We were knocking ourselves out with bottles of Night Nurse, when what we shoulda done was flight case the gear and hire a decent six seater transit van!" And despite my own viewpoint the band reckon they've learnt from the mistakes committed on 'Turn The Hell On' ('A parcel of shite' according to Harry, which is as succint a comment as you could wish for!):

"The second LP is a 5000% improvement from that first effort with better vocals, better playing and better songs. The first band was high pressure and there's a definite looser atmosphere now.

"The problem was that things happened too quickly with the original Fist in 1980. Within a week of our first gig we'd signed to Neat and three months later we went with MCA. We thought things were top notch but it doesn't work like that. We had a couple of deals cocked up by our manager at the time and then we got a fair bit of money from MCA but spent it in the wrong way as I said".

Things have as such turned full circle with Fist returning to their home base of Neat Records, acclaimed as the best independent UK label. Can things be as good as with a major label, since Fist have experienced both? Harry, chewing meditatively on a bread roll, proffers forth.

"Dave Woods (Neat boss) has his own pet band and that's Raven and unless he expands his outlook he's always gonna have a limited operation. He trys to purvey a 'Neat Records bands all together' affair and I don't want any part of it. Each band is different. You can't say 'We are all on Neat – we are all happy!' There are good bands on the label and there are bad ones. We've got problems and they've got problems, so let 'em get on with their own and we'll do the same".

"We've been on a small label on and off for two years. We're doing well in Europe but the company can't afford to send us to do gigs. We recorded the album in two weeks and we can do a hell of a lot better still. We recorded 'Back With A Vengeance' on a sixteen track at Neat's studios which was OK but there are always things blowing up and going off there. It makes a change to be down at the BBC and using a proper studio".

The occasion was in fact the first time that the re-vamped/re-formed-re-juggled Fist line-up has ventured into a 'decent' studio and both Harry and Dave, the only original members still remaining, were obviously keen to see how events would turn out:

"We're both really happy with the new line-up" confirms Dave. Glenn (Coates – vocalist) was with Hollow Ground who were jazz but he stuck out like a sore thumb and we nicked Norman ('pop' Appleby – bass) from Thrust". Second guitarist John Roach, who played on the second album has been sacked.

"We're better as a four piece 'cos it gives us more freedom. There's always been an element of comedy in Fist and so now it's 'catch each other out time'. Dave can't blame any cock-ups on the other guitarist now!"

"Things have gone well for us in the few live shows that we've done" adds Dave. "We did one show with the Tygers Of Wang Dang Doodle and scared the shit out of 'em. We got the full works – monitors switched off and everything else. We've been going down really well so we're due to die soon!"

Whether Fist are due to die a death in the near future or not, the band have confidence in their standing in the HM world. Harry nods:

"We rate ourselves further up the ladder than the other small bands. We've done a tour and released two albums and if I didn't think that we'd do something then I wouldn't be here talking to you. I'd **** off home and open a chip shop. I think we can break out. We can play and we'll work as hard as anyone. There are certainly no pop stars, toe-rags or dope smoking warblers in *this* band."

KLASSIK KUTS

Cream: 'Badge'



Thinkin' 'bout the times you drove in my car,
Thinkin' that I might have drove you too far,
Then I'm thinkin' 'bout the love that you laid on my table.

I told you not to wander round in the dark,
I told you 'bout the swans that they live in the park,
Then I told you 'bout our kid: now he's married to Mabel.

Yes, I told you that the light goes up and down,
Don't you notice how the wheel goes round?
And you'd better pick your self up from the ground
Before they bring the curtain down,
Yes, before they bring the curtain down.

Talkin' 'bout a girl that looks quite like you,
She didn't have the time to wait in the queue,
She cried away her life since she fell out the cradle.

Words and Music by Eric Clapton and George Harrison.

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On the road with the

JETT SET

"Yeah, I LOVE to talk!"

I glance at my watch. 2:11 am. In front of me there's an empty bottle of wine and a long list of questions with which I aim to confront Joan Jett. Yet, even at this late hour – my brain dulled by the alcohol and the lack of sleep, my ears ringing from the gig

continues over

pic by Robert Ellis

JOAN JETT





JOAN JETT: "I can't think of myself as a sex symbol but . . ."

pix by Steve Callaghan

that night at Cardiff University before a disappointing turnout – the questions come.

There's a thousand things I want to ask her but tour manager, Elliot Saltzman, informs me I'll have about 45 minutes to do the interview in the morning, plenty of time . . .

Saltzman is part of the hyper-sensitive team that protects Joan Jett from the outside world, from the vicious sharks intent on reducing her to another American candy-coated stereotyped success story.

The central pillar in this defensive wall is Kenny Laguna, who, along with wife Meryl, dragged Joanie up from the pits of her post-Runaways depression, put her on the road with a band and waited for fame to come knocking on the door, which it duly did, two years, three American tours and some 500 gigs later.

Laguna ("good friend, songwriter, producer, manager, fifth member of the band almost, plays keyboards on the albums, helps us out in every way") is not present however and his usual position alongside Joan during her interviews is taken by the silent Saltzman and the not-quite-so silent bassist Gary Ryan. This chaparone technique does *not* make for a good atmosphere.

The day hasn't started well as I'm awoken at eight in the morning by a blaring radio, one of those solid affairs built into the wall. In my confusion I punch savagely at the buttons before I realise it's next door's radio that's on, not mine at all. And then there's the four and a half hour wait before I actually get to meet Ms Jett.

She's: getting up; showered; dressed; ready; putting on her make-up. Even as I await her appearance in Saltzman's room I can hear the strains of Marianne Faithful drifting across the corridor while Laguna makes his presence felt by means of a Transatlantic phone call. And finally . . .

Despite the stories that still pervade the newspapers about Joan Jett's lifestyle, a grim legacy from the Runaways days and her links with the likes of the Sex Pistols, few bear any relation to the Joan Jett of 1982. Here is a woman whose whole attitude is professional. Gone are the post-gig parties, the booze and the cigarettes, the drugs and the groupies, and it shows.

Joan Jett is thin and wiry with a clear, healthy complexion and bright, brown eyes. She is petite and devastatingly pretty close to, possessing a coy, mischievous smile reserved for the stage and a mouth, God, what a mouth, that works ceaselessly over the next 70-odd minutes of interview. A 48-page special would just about cover all the relevant points. My space is rather more limited. So if you're sitting comfortably, we'll begin.

On the Runaways:

"The Runaways were an important band and shouldn't be forgotten. I never feel weird if anybody asks: 'Do you mind if I ask you about the Runaways?' It was an important part of my life and important in the musical education of the world. The Runaways opened a lot of doors for people like Pat Benatar and the Go-Go's.

"But I couldn't really agree that



COMPLETELY
FREE
THE ULTIMATE FREE ALBUM
INCLUDING
ALL RIGHT NOW
MY BROTHER JAKE
WISHING WELL
LITTLE BIT OF LOVE
THE HUNTER
MR BIG
AND MANY MORE
ISLAND RECORDS ISLAND ON CASSETTE



we were 'a wholly manufactured pop group' – that's not what the Runaways were. The Runaways were a rock 'n' roll band that was marketed by the record company as being jail-bait sex rock! I saw the ads in the NME when we came over. They said: 'See the Runaways on tour!' and they showed a different section of each of the girls bodies. We knew nothing about it.

"It was something to do with Kim Fowley's hype of the band and the record company giving us this highly sexual thing and the fact that Cherie Currie happened to wander round onstage in a corset during 'Cherry Bomb', and that was it! That was it for the rock 'n' roll credibility."

"I learned the hard way through the Runaways, about fast-living, fast-life and 'oh, have a drink, it'll calm your nerves down'; and I found out that's total bull! Having a drink before you go onstage is the worst thing you can do. I know Janis Joplin could do it and still sing but I can't."

"I saw Sandy West (the Runaways' drummer) when we were in LA about six months ago. I was sad and happy . . . instant remembrance of all the things we've been through. It was too bad we couldn't have spent more time together."

"I still don't see what we did that was so outrageous; I look at the press, I see what we said, I listen to the records, and I still don't see what the gripe was about."

On the Steve Jones/Paul Cook/ Joan Jett collaboration:

"It was great. I loved the Sex Pistols. I knew them from doing tours with the Runaways and then I had a chance to do this one-off singles deal with a Dutch record company. We only did three songs, 'You Don't Own Me' and 'Don't Abuse Me', which are both on the 'Bad Reputation' album, and 'I Love Rock 'N' Roll'. That was how certain dj's in the New York area first picked up on Joan Jett and the Blackhearts, they knew that version of 'I Love Rock 'N' Roll' even though it was with Jones and Cook."

On early influences/tastes in music:

"Suzi Quatro was the only girl, unless you wanted Joni Mitchell for an idol! She was singing loud rock 'n' roll and playing low-slung bass. I had a leather jacket and she wore leather too; it was really amazing."

"Our songwriting style comes from early seventies music, cos all the glitter stuff was my major influence. Plus I was into Black Sabbath and Deep Purple and bands like that when I was about 12/13 years old and learning to play guitar. I was playing along to Gary Glitter and then I'd put Black Sabbath on . . . so there were all these influences coming in at the same time."

"I love the Rolling Stones, I drive the Blackhearts crazy. Right now I'm listening to 'Sticky Fingers' straight through. Wake up and turn on 'Sticky Fingers', go to sleep to Marianne Faithful. That's good because I like to sing to it, it's right in my speaking range.

"I have both her albums, the more recent ones that is. I saw her a couple of months ago at the Dominion in London. I was waiting for 'Sister Morphine' and 'As Tears Go By', cos that would've just floored everybody."

On life on the road:

"We've been pretty much *ON* tour for two and a half years. The biggest break we've had was a recent one of three weeks."

"You just have to set your mind to the fact that this is part of your job. You chose to do this and you choose to be in a band; you're going out to be public so obviously if for some reason you get famous this all goes in with it."

On being a Heavy Metal sex symbol:

"Really?! I didn't know that, I-I really didn't know that . . . I get really embarrassed . . . ha, really embarrassed . . . I never, I mean, I swear to God, I never . . . I can't think of myself as a sex symbol! I don't look in the mirror and go: 'wow, aren't I pretty today!'"

"But, hey, I mean if a guy wants to go jack-off over a poster, you know . . ."

On Joan Jett & the Blackhearts:

"We play straightforward rock 'n' roll. Like I said, I'm not in this for the money but it would mean a great deal to me to become something important that people really believed in. You see, we want to be a 'staying' band."

"It's like a family organisation, from the office to the road-crew, and the band, everybody knows each other.

"The day of Neil Bogart's (boss of Boardwalk Records in the US who gave the Blackhearts their first recording deal) funeral we had to go on to a sound-check, and this was Gary's and my home-coming, our families and friends were all coming to see us, it was really strange. But it didn't affect the show, not one bit. Once it got to show-time it was all wiped away. It was more like: this one's for you, Neil. Just the way he would've wanted it."

DAVE DICKSON

GUITAR GRAPEVINE

Englands Leading Guitar Store – Here at Guitar Grapevine

THE HAMER VECTOR

Available previously only as a custom order, the Hamer Vector is now available as a limited edition. By working closely with the top musicians of today, Hamer has brought new design features to this traditional rock instrument. The uncluttered control layout, and the clear access to the highest fret being two of many improvements found on the Vector. Of course the unapproachable Hamer sound and playability are standard features.

Specifications

The body is constructed from the finest Honduras mahogany, and is available with or without a curly maple top. Each Vector neck is hand carved from the same fine mahogany, and is stressed in three directions for maximum stability. A steel truss rod is used for adjustment of both warp and bow. The fingerboard is highly figured rosewood, accented with genuine mother of pearl inlays. 22 frets are used on a 24 ¾" scale. The Vector utilizes the Hamer milled brass bridge/sustain block combination for total adjustability and endless sustain. Strings run through the body, and are anchored at the back for maximum resonance.

Electronics

Two differently voiced high output humbucking pickups are used. The bridge pickup is wound for extra punch in the mid frequencies. The neck pickup has a bass roll-off to retain excellent attack, even in the lower registers. Each pickup has its own volume control, while the two share a common tone-midrange control. Pickups are selected or combined with a 3-way toggle switch positioned close to the bridge, in what has been determined the best location for fast, natural hand operation. Tuners are the highest quality Schaller machines available. A hand cut bone nut has been chosen for its self-lubricating properties, eliminating tuning problems associated with brass or plastic nuts.

Colours available: Sunburst, Cherry, Yellow Transparent, Blue Transparent, Green Transparent, Opaque Red, Black & White "Graphic".

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WHEN DID YOU BEGIN PLAYING GUITAR?: 1968

WHY DID YOU START?: I was in bed for 12 weeks with mononucleoses which bored me crazy, so I decided to do what I always dreamed of.

FIRST TYPE OF GUITAR: Fender Telecaster—won it in a card game!

MUSICAL TRAINING: While learning, my Marshall was responsible for killing the entire Canasta team in my building. I'm basically self-taught, though my parents chipped in and gave me eight jazz lessons in 1969—I almost strangled the teacher.

EARLY INFLUENCES: Django Reinhardt (for craziness), Leigh Stevens (Blue Cheer), Clapton (for tone), Hendrix ('cause it was cool).

FIRST PUBLIC PERFORMANCE: 1973, Fort Dix Army Base.

FIRST APPEARANCE ON RECORD: 1967, singing baritone vocal on Schubert's 'Mass In F Minor' for a summer camp memorial album. This record should be worth millions now!

RECORDING BANDS: Twisted Sister period.

EQUIPMENT (LIVE): Three Marshall 100 watt heads, six SMF sound city cabs (In USA), one custom pink Les Paul, one custom-made black Destroyer, six Marshall 120 cabs (UK). One 10-band MXR equalizer, custom D'agostino guitar.

STUDIO EQUIPMENT: Same as above and I'll kill any producer who tries to give me a Mesa Boogie or any other small amp—hands off my Marshall stacks!

MOST MEMORABLE SOLO ON RECORD: It's the solos I don't remember that get me the most! Me and 'Fast' Eddie Clarke doing the duet on 'Tear It Loose' is an all-time best.



pic by Greg Houlgate

GUITAR HEROES Jay Jay French of Twisted Sister